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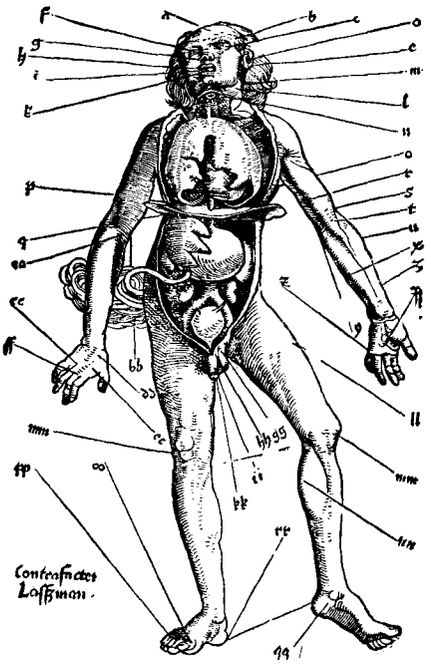
THE EVADED QUESTION



THE SCIENCE OF MAN & THE SEARCH FOR HUMAN NATURE

Ernest Becker

The Great American Worker-Priest Movement • German bishops cry heresy • Books: Saul Maloff and Michael Harrington

Repression in Spain

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Public opinion has gotten through to Mr. Nixon and Defense Secretary Laird, and a halt has been ordered in the deployment of the $5.5 billion Sentinel antiballistic missile system. But don't count the day won yet. The halt is only temporary; it may not mean all that the optimists might wish.

Nixon believes in the ABM. He supported the Sentinel during the presidential campaign—not according to the phony China pastiche, but in hard terms of a Soviet missile threat. He hasn't changed much, if at all. While announcing the review at his Feb. 6 press conference, he was still reaffirming the conviction that the Sentinel "adds to our over-all defense capabilities."

"I do not buy the assumption that the . . . thin Sentinel system was simply for the purpose of protecting ourselves against attack from Communist China," he commented.

No equivocation there; if Nixon turns the clock back on the Sentinel, it isn't likely to be permanent. As we said, he believes in the ABM.

And so does his defense secretary. As recently as Feb. 2, Melvin Laird was going on record in favor of the Sentinel. It will strengthen the bargaining position of the U.S. in any talks with Russia, superhawk Laird declared.

It's that sort of prattle which makes it impossible to believe that the Nixon Administration will put the ABM completely out of mind. The Nixon pragmatism may prompt the tabling of plans, but the will to activate them will not be deeply submerged.

•

Recently the Associated Press reported an article in *Civiltà Cattolica* arguing that adultery should be considered a greater crime for women than for men. The author of the piece, Father Sebastian Lener, promptly issued a denial, protesting that he had only pleaded for the maintenance of legal measures against adultery lest Italian men (and women?) take things into their own hands in the form of "crimes of passion." He said, "I've always upheld the perfect equality of men and women, and therefore the equal moral and social gravity of adultery on the part of men or women."

Father Lener should check his conclusions with the fourth edition of the *Dictionary of Moral Theology*, just published in Italy. As reported in the French weekly, *Le Nouvel Observateur*, the tome's entry for "Sexual equality" (referring the reader to "Sexual superstitions") declares: "This equality is purely utopian, seeing as how it has no biological basis whatsoever and simply tends to ensure the complete economic and social independence of women. . . . We must hope for the return of women to the industrious, healthy, and serene peace of domestic life, far from the cares, the struggles, and the anxieties which are characteristic of masculine activities."

As for adultery, "that of the wife is more serious than that of the husband because (especially when committed with several men) it can bring on sterility. . ."

An article by Cardinal Felici in the same work warns that undergoing Freudian psychoanalysis is most likely a mortal sin. The *Dictionary* has just been revised, "in the light of Vatican Council II."

•

The queue is lengthening for independent looks into the Pueblo fiasco. The Defense Department plans its investigation. So does the Senate Armed Services Committee. And Rep. Wolff (D-NY) is asking creation of a joint congressional investigatory committee.

But if the experience of the Armed Services Committee is indicative, no one is ever going to get the full story.

Committee chairman Byrd recently went to the permanent file to review the master, intact copy of testimony given a year ago at closed hearing by former Defense Secretary McNamara.

The transcript was there, but carefully scissored. All testimony dealing with the Navy's failure to provide air cover for the Pueblo in the four hours between her appeals for help and her boarding by the North Koreans was snipped out.

"The committee clerk tells me that this is the only time during his 22 years with the committee that he has known material to be deleted by scissors from the permanent committee report," Senator Byrd commented.

•

Dan Herr in *Overview:* "Not since the days of Sarah Bernhardt has there been such a prolonged leave-taking as Rosemary Ruether's farewell to the Catholic press and to the 'Roman' Church in the pages of the *National Catholic Reporter.*"

•

If it was Gilbert and Sullivan, you'd hum and smile in amusement. But it's the latest decree of the Concilium for the Implementation of the Constitution on the Liturgy, and that's something else again.

The faithful are to be taught to chant the Lord's Prayer in Latin: "this will greatly help the faithful in some form of participation when they find themselves in international gatherings."

And women may now proclaim the lessons and the epistle at Mass—provided no male lectors are available and provided the ladies stand outside the presbyterium.

The U.S. Catholic Conference is ecstatic. "For the first time since the founding of the nation, American women will be able officially to take an active part in the worship service of the Roman Catholic Church," a USCC press release proclaims.

However, Dr. Elizabeth Farians of the National Organization for Women isn't satisfied. She says American women "want to know why they cannot enter the sanctuary."

But, as any monsignor would tell her, they can—to vacuum the oriental, dust the altar, arrange the linen and freshen the flowers.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

New York's School Hassle

New York

To the Editors: It is possible for men of intelligence and good will to take a wide variety of positions on the questions of decentralization and community control. . . . I happen to believe that for both educational and political reasons the parceling out of the New York City school system into a large number of autonomous units, controlled by local groups which would for the most part be ethnically and economically (as well as culturally and religiously) homogeneous, would be a tragic error. Resources would be shifted from education to administration; the Bundy report notes that estimates of the additional costs entailed by its recommendations range as high as fifty to a hundred million dollars a year. They would be shifted from those who need them more to those who need them less; in a centralized system it is possible to establish lower pupil-teacher ratios and more special services in schools with deprived student bodies, and New York has in fact done this. But how likely is it that, in a system split up into a large number of independent units, the white middle-class areas would tamely accept less than their mathematical share of the available funds?

Since each district would recruit its own teachers, the "easier" middle-class schools would have their pick of the teachers, and the more "difficult" ghetto schools would get what was left—if they were able to find teachers at all. . . . And the small districts would furnish the perfect base for racial and political extremist groups of all colorations—each pointing to the sins of its neighbors to justify its own—which could shift and concentrate their militants to intimidate one district after another. This has in fact happened in the present demonstration districts, with the Poynters and the Carsons and the Koppersmiths migrating from one riot to another. In one of the "community" demonstrations at

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A DEPARTMENT OF PEACE

There is no body count equivalent for the rhetorical casualties of the Vietnam War but the defoliation of language can be measured by the status of such words as peace, honor, freedom. After years of abuse in the parlance of the Johnson Administration, they do not mean the same anymore. Peace has become war, honor shame, freedom force. In this "fair is foul" context, Senator Vance Hartke's proposed Department of Peace legislation might seem quixotic to jaded liberals. Skeptics on the other side of the aisle, including Nixon, wonder about its workability with other government agencies. Then there is the more generalized puzzlement: How do you departmentalize peace?

Hartke is not unaware of these objections. The need for no more Vietnams, however, haunts his campaign against the arrogance of American power. Arguing for the adoption of the minority peace plank at the Democratic Convention, he asked: "And how much longer do we have to endure the the burden of this immoral war? And how much longer do we have to endure a no-win, a no-peace war, and the fantasy of non-negotiation? And how can we explain to our children this American tragedy? And how can we justify the senseless killing?" It is his hope that a Peace Department would make future questioning of this sort unnecessary; and he is persuaded by neither doubting liberals nor bureaucratic puritans that his suggestion cannot be effective. To Nixon's negative press conference reaction [Feb. 7] that State and Defense are already departments of peace (another instance of word tyranny) Hartke responded with restraint, citing the credibility of the assertion "in light of the traditional activities of these agencies." If Nixon remains unconvinced, it is unlikely Congress would force the establishment

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of a new Cabinet Office. Hartke's strategy now is to bring the issue to the public. Following the President's swift dismissal, Hartke told the press: "I believe the voice of the people should speak out clearly in favor of a Department of Peace and then, hopefully, the President will listen to that voice and reconsider."

Department of Peace legislation is not new. It has a history going back to the colonial period. In 1779, Dr. Benjamin Rush, an associate of Thomas Paine, and signer of the Declaration of Independence, wrote a pamphlet entitled "A Plan of a Peace Office for the United States." Related proposals were offered to the 75th, 76th, 79th and 80th Congresses. Hubert Humphrey introduced a peace agency bill in 1960: "because of the need for emphasis on peace by this government—not peace as a byproduct of defense or as a byproduct of the State Department, but rather as a concerted, determined effort by the Government of the United States to dramatize our sincere dedication to the cause of a just and enduring peace." Hartke's own plan was initially presented to the Senate last September and was subsequently referred to the Government Operations Committee (where McCarthy recently switched from Foreign Relations). At the moment, Senator Fulbright is considering the bill in his committee. Co-sponsors include Senators Hatfield of Oregon, Young of Onio, and Yarborough of Texas. Muskie has given his signature, but not Kennedy.

How will the Department of Peace operate? According to Title I of the original Bill S.4019, the Secretary will be required: "To advise the President 'with respect to the progress of peace'; to develop and recommend policies and programs appropriate to fostering the building of peace; to exercise leadership in coordinating all federal activities affecting the principle of peace; to provide information and assistance for establishing 'those institutions which may further among the people an understanding of the true meaning of peace'; and to encourage planning by the nation with a 'view toward coordinating the activities of peace among all nations.' "

Title II provides for placing the Import-Export Bank under the direction of the Peace Secretary. This transferral would facilitate the management of America's benevolence and make it seem a corporate rather than scattered enterprise. Hartke does not specify further amalgamation of governmental agencies, but he does mention the broad philanthropic intent underwriting the laws which created the Atomic Energy and Space Agencies. One of the purposes of the former is "to promote world peace." Congress also declared that the activities of the latter "should be devoted to peaceful purposes for the benefit of all mankind." Title III provides for an International Peace Institute "to prepare citizens of the United States for service in positions or programs related to the field of promoting international understanding and peace." The original Title IV concerning a Peace by Investment Corporation, the cementing of trade relations, and such, has been dropped. Title V calls for a Joint Committee within Congress, on the model of the Atomic Energy and Defense Production Joint Committees, "to hold hearings, to hire experts and consultants, and to draw on the resources of both private and governmental establishments which are pertinent."

So much for the structure—a matter of little consequence compared to the very establishment of a Department of Peace. The central issue, it would seem, is whether Nixon or any President would tolerate a devil's advocate of so grand a conspiracy in the Cabinet.

NO MORE CARDINALS?

First the news stories quoted "unofficial sources" as saying that the much heralded consistory for the creation of new Cardinals had been postponed. The reason: a report that various nominees had declined the offer of cardinalatial status. And the reputed reason behind the reason: an effort by some of the hierarchy to have the right of electing Popes transferred from the College of Cardinals to the Synod of Bishops.

Since these reports have appeared, one of those prominently mentioned as having said no to a red hat, Archbishop Francois Marty of Paris, has described as "pure fantasy" the claim that such was the case. "The cardinalate is a service to the Church which one does not refuse," he said. Yet while it may well be that Archbishop Marty is not one who has formally declined the papal honor offered to him, reports persist of an international move along these lines in order to increase the power of the bishops, and we hope these reports are true.

In no sense, of course, should anyone imagine that a move like this would represent any improper usurpation of power—quite the contrary. The Bishops' Synod was formed in keeping with the wishes of the Second Vatican Council. Indeed, it can be called the major structural

COMING

"Who will push the button, we ask, releasing the Minutemen from their silos? We fail to ask, why were they put there in the first place?" The problem is discussed by ROBERT H. SPRINGER in his review of PAUL RAMSEY'S *The Just War: Force and Political Responsibility* (Scribner's).

In other reviews, BISHOP JAMES P. SHANNON reflects on *American Catholics and Vietnam* (Eerdmans), and LEONARD J. BERRY comments on NINO LO BELLO'S accounting of the Pope's portfolio in *The Italian Empire* (Trident): "the Vatican owns between 40 and 50 percent of all shares listed on the Italian stock exchange."

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change made by the Council, and its establishment is significant as a dramatic illustration that the bishops do in fact share with the Pope in the government of the Church. It is true that Pope Paul moved with typical caution in calling the first Synod in the Fall of 1967, setting the agenda himself and being very careful that the assembled bishops could act only along lines prescribed by him, and as a result that first Synod was hardly a striking demonstration of collegiality in action. Nonetheless, if the Synod did not do very well in displaying the bishops as co-governors with the Pope of the universal Church, it was a beginning and a symbolically important one. Ideally, the Synod should from then on have been *the* body to be consulted by the Pope on matters of doctrine and discipline, and ideally again those bishops elected by their fellows should in turn have chosen two dozen or so from their number to aid and advise the Pope on a regular and continuing basis.

These ideal results did not follow from the first Synod, but advocates of collegiality in the Church have not given up hope. Admittedly the prospects for the Synod to be called next Fall are not at this point impressive; this time only the heads of national hierarchies are to go to Rome, and rumor has it that the agenda and proceedings will be even more tightly under Curial control than in the last session. Still, reform-minded bishops have not given up, and they should not—which is reason enough to welcome these reports that various men are turning down offers to become Cardinals in an effort to strengthen the authority of the bishops.

If efforts to strengthen the Bishops' Synod succeed, one thing that body might well do in the future is to take over many of the functions of the hopelessly outdated College of Cardinals, not least among them the task of electing a new Pope from the ranks of the world's bishops when the time comes. In the present procedure, men who are largely appointed by one Pope and who are by the nature of things almost always aged, meet and pick one of their number to be the next Pontiff. It was Cardinal Suenens who first suggested that the Bishops' Synod might well take over this function of the College of Cardinals, and it seems to us an excellent idea. Whatever the immediate reason for postponing the consistory, then, we hope the delay will be the first step in transferring additional power from the Cardinals to the Bishops' Synod and therefore one important step in making collegiality a living reality in the entire Church, from top to bottom.

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IN FRANCO'S SPAIN

THE EXCEPTION IS THE RULE

"Spain," one Spanish correspondent reported to *Commonweal*, "is back in the Stone Age." He was referring to the "state of exception" proclaimed by the Franco regime on Jan. 24. Technically, the measure suspends five articles of the Spanish constitution guaranteeing freedom of speech, assembly and association and outlawing unwarranted search or detention. But since the Spanish government has never strictly heeded these guarantees, the new declaration simply announces an intensified and generalized repression.

The "state of exception" has previously been applied to turbulent regions. It has been in force for several months in the province of Guizpuzcoa where Basque nationalists have taken up arms, executing the province chief of the government secret police and attacking the Pamplona jail to liberate arrested rebels. Not once since the Civil War, however, has the "state of exception" been applied to all of Spain—until now.

Some 200 leaders of the underground and not-so-underground opposition have been swiftly arrested. That, at least, is the government's version. The opposition places the figure at closer to 1000. Censorship has been clamped on the press, to the point where a photo of Mao convalescing was struck from a Madrid paper along with all reports on the agitation in Czechoslovakia following the suicide of Jan Pallach. Subversive literature—Marx, Mao, Marcuse, Guevara, Camillo Torres—has been ordered out of the bookstores. The widow of the French Catholic philosopher Emmanuel Mounier was arrested at a meeting in the Barcelona apartment of Alfonso Comin (the Spanish sociologist whose troubles with the Franco regime were reported in *Commonweal*, April 5, 1968). According to *Le Monde*, she was held for 12 hours by the Spanish police and questioned on her role as an intermediary between Catalan students and Daniel Cohn-Bendit!

The crackdown, said the government, was rendered necessary by student riots in Madrid and Barcelona, but no one, inside or outside of Spain, was satisfied with that explanation. A pro-government paper, *La Vanguardia Española*, published a page of photos showing supposedly shocking damage done by student rioters within the University of Barcelona. What was pictured would hardly do credit to a fraternity party, let alone call for a nationwide repression. Furthermore, the identity of the group responsible for this latest demonstration remains unknown, and some students suspect government *provocateurs*.

The real reason for the repression lies in long-term awakening of post-Civil War Spain. Eight years of harsh

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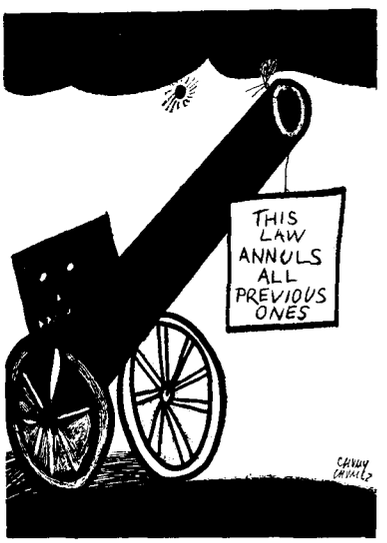
sentences for such offenses as "illegal assembly" have failed to crush or contain the growth of the workers' committees which counter the regime's official organizations. The 1966 law ending prior censorship resulted in somewhat freer information and a series of unedifying confiscations and trials. Massive strikes by Asturian miners last fall highlighted walkouts and slowdowns across the country. An unsuccessful government offensive against the workers' committees throughout 1968 has filled the jails of Carabanchel, Soria and Burgos with political prisoners. Not only have the law associations of Madrid and Barcelona begun to concern themselves with the fate of these prisoners, but recently 1,300 Spanish intellectuals, of markedly divergent political and religious beliefs, united to charge the regime with police brutality against political prisoners.



There are, in short, two Spains. The older one still celebrates Franco's victory in the Civil War. It is above all the Spain of the military, which after a century and a half of constant intervention in the government, finally gained full power in 1939. The other Spain is the one which has contact with 19 million tourists annually, where students read Marx and see Buñuel and Bergman, where almost every large plant has its "illegal" workers' committee, where the young clergy regularly defy both the government and the conservative hierarchy. The "state of exception" is the riposte of the older Spain which feels itself being overtaken. The best defense is a good offense.

It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the older Spain is made for old men. When political-science students at the Barcelona law faculty surveyed young military officers, they found that, except for the absence of an aristocratic reverence for the Church, the beliefs of the young military were hardly distinguishable from those of their seniors. In fact, in a statement remarkable for a regime priding itself on military discipline, Franco's Minister of Information suggested that "young officers would have taken things into their own hands" had more student demonstrations been allowed. The regime may be using the young officers as an alibi just as it used the student riots, but this manipulation is effective only because the reactionary sentiments of the young military are very real indeed.

Neither time nor the balance of forces, then, favors evolution in Spain. The blunt reply of the military to the threat of liberalization has left the inveterate prophets of a happy ending for Franco's regime without much to hang their optimism on.

The evolutionist *Opus Dei* forces, which were supposedly transforming Spain into a liberal, neo-capitalist regime on the Gaullist model, have been proven without real power in a showdown. The *Opus* is now cast into the opposition, which has previously wasted no affection on it. (The young leftists have naturally considered it a more flexible and hence more dangerous enemy than the hardline military "cavemen.") Of course, some of the hardliners, like General Carrero Blanco, Franco's vice-president and possible successor, are reportedly *Opus* members too. The organization may have a foot in every camp—and as many feet as a centipede.

The "state of exception" was a compromise for some military men who demanded total military rule. They are not going to let go what they won in 1939. Until Franco dies and the cracks in the alliance of ruling groups can no longer be papered over by the personality of the *Caudillo*, there will be no real change in Spain. When change does come, it will be neither peaceful nor predictable.

PETER STEINFELS

(This report was assembled with the help of Spanish correspondents in Spain and New York, who, understandably, must remain anonymous.)

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THE HALBFAS CASE

GERMAN BISHOPS CRY HERESY

There were six points they had against him and finally on Nov. 28, 1968 Cardinal Döpfner announced in the name of the German Bishops Conference that the 36 year-old professor, Hubertus Halbfas, and his ideas could no longer be considered as expressing the mind of the Church and, moreover, could not exist side by side with a church commission to teach religion. Professor Halbfas was removed from his teaching position with the Academy for Youth Affairs, from the Institute for Catechetics and Homiletics and was prohibited from teaching and publishing in general.

One job still remained precariously his: professor for religious instruction at the *Reutlingen Pädagogische Hochschule* (teachers college). According to a Prussian Concordat of 1929 (whereby church leaders join ministers of the government in commissioning teachers of re-

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ligion at state-run schools) the church representative with the government in this case was the local bishop, Carl Joseph Leiprecht, and not the Bishops Conference. As the issues thickened with theologians both for and against Halbfas, and as the press cried injustice and the students threatened strikes, Bishop Leiprecht opted to delay his decision until the case could be restudied.

The Halbfas affair began in November 1967, when the Catholic Patmos Publishing Co. sought from the Cologne chancery the *imprimatur* for Halbfas' new book, *Fundamental Catechetics: Language and Experience in Teaching Religion*. The Calw Publishing Co. (Protestant) had also agreed to put out an edition of the book. Two and a half months elapsed and Patmos requested the galley proofs back from the chancery. No instructions regarding an *imprimatur* were received and the Calw Publishing Co. began to print the book. Meanwhile the *imprimatur* was denied.

In March, 1968, Halbfas was invited to teach at the more prestigious Hochschule in Bonn. When the Kultusministerium asked the approval of Cardinal Frings, the church representative for the area, a negative reply came back immediately. Then Halbfas began to receive notices of anonymous opinions against what he had written. Cardinal Jäger demanded he separate himself from his book and not allow a second printing. Discussions proved fruitless on both sides. Halbfas felt he was not being given a chance to answer charges against him. Despite this due process gap the German bishops decided at their September meeting in Fulda to close the now famous "Halbfas Case."

Halbfas kept insisting on a hearing and finally received one on Oct. 28 in Dortmund. Previously one hundred of his colleagues in the catechetical field held a discussion with him at their meeting in Mulheim. They placed themselves on his side and claimed that differences could be worked out. The faculty in Münster (Rahner, Metz, Kasper, Gnilka, Lengsfeld) also supported him at this time.

So encouraged, Halbfas went to the Dortmund hearing. But it amounted to little more than a mere administrative procedure, from which he had no appeal, and at which no member of the Commission for Faith and Morals (which was to ultimately decide his fate) was present. Furthermore, Halbfas' request to have a tape recording of the session made (so that the members of the commission could later hear it) was denied and instead two men were assigned as court stenographers, both of whom admitted that they knew nothing about stenography.

Cardinal Jäger and two theologians represented the bishops. (Professor Schnackenburg of Würzburg had refused to take the part of the latter because their decision seemed to have already been made, and since the whole case smelled of the Inquisition, he could not as a scholar be involved in it.) Kasper and Gnilka of Münster supported the defendant.

The one result that came out of the trial was a definition of the theses which the bishops found objectionable:

1. that God can not be known with certainty through creation;
2. that the revelation of God in Israel and in Jesus is nothing different from revelation outside the Bible;
3. that our missionary efforts should not be to convert others, but rather to make pagans better pagans;
4. that the virgin birth of Jesus does not testify to the Faith as a biological fact;
5. that the resurrection of Jesus is better translated that "Jesus lives in God" rather than "Jesus was restored to life";
6. that nothing is revealed which adds something to the totality of our knowledge of the subjective-objective structure of reality, rather everything is revealed, insofar as reality is perceived in myth.

Professor Halbfas agreed to revise five of these theses; but he would not change his position on the question of the virgin-birth. Together with the "minutes" of this meeting which were to be presented to the Commission for Faith and Morals, Professor Halbfas requested that the text of one of his radio talks, "The Function of Theology in Church and Society," be included.

This suggestion, however, only seemed to make matters more difficult for him. On the radio Halbfas claimed that there may be no such thing for theology as a reference to a definite objective substance of the truths of Faith nor to a church teaching authority. There are no statements of belief, he claims, as unquestionable *a priori* starting points. The supervisory authority is situated not in a church teaching office, but in the very scientific studying of theology itself. The Church (as also the State) can be the supporter and object of scientific study, but not fundamentally control this scientific work nor go against its findings.

The Commission for Faith and Morals (two archbishops, seven bishops and seven university professors) found reason to censure Halbfas and added that on the basis of his ideas it is hard to see how much value he can place on a church commission to teach.

All jobs were taken from him, save that of teaching in Reutlingen, where the students immediately threatened to close the school down, should the local bishop take away his teaching commission. The students at nearby Tübingen University threatened a sympathy strike until the Catholic Faculty (Küng, Ratzinger, Auer, Schelkle, Haag, Biemer) came out for Halbfas.

Student concern and indignation waned toward Christmas. Karl Rahner read Halbfas' ideas on theology as a science and withdrew his support; the Tübingen professors quietly refused to get involved; and Bishop Leiprecht took the one wise move left to him at the time—wait and restudy the case.

JOHN J. DOHERTY

(Father John J. Doherty is a N.Y. Redemptorist engaged in doctoral studies at the University of Tübingen.)

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THE GREAT AMERICAN WORKER-PRIEST MOVEMENT

ROBERT FRANCOEUR

The American hierarchy is not an apocalyptic lot. Slow on race and war at home, but swift on catechisms and contraceptives abroad, our bishops suffer an embarrassingly bad press among overground Catholic activists. Underground people consider them unspeakable. But is this assessment really fair? Can the architects of the National Shrine and the angels of the Legion of Decency be all that bad? I think not. For there is one corner of the vineyard where the bishops have fulfilled their own thing marvelously. I refer to the American worker-priest movement. Nativist nervous Nellies will scoff at this suggestion—it is common knowledge that priests worked first in France under Cardinal Suhard's stewardship; and although the movement there eventually fell apart, the French bishops are boldly backing it again.

While I admire this Gallic zeal for courageous and necessary experiment, I am a bit put off that our American bishops are not allotted due credit for the same. I firmly submit that American bishops are far more radical in promoting the worker-priest movement than the French or any other hierarchy. We have done our Excellencies a grave injustice by allowing the inky wretches of Catholic journalism to banter on about the radical French and Dutch hierarchies when the truth of the matter is our own Bishops take second place to no one. The fact is that while the French are just starting a worker-priest movement, the American Church has had over 25 percent of all its priests, at least 15,000 out of 60,000, involved in this enterprise for years. Every one of the 154 dioceses and archdioceses in the U.S. has its complement of chancery officials, worker-priests quite on the periphery of the pastoral and priestly ministry.

To give just a few examples. The Chancellor's duties invariably include the direction of "temporal affairs, in particular the care and custody of all official documents incidental to the administration of the diocese," overseeing "the remittance of diocesan assessments, collections and similar matters" and the paper work entailed in dispensations. The Chancellor usually has some part-time assistants, Deans, who "supervise and check the parish records in their districts, etc." Every diocese has an Officialis (with assistants) who review[s] and adjudicate[s] all marriage cases alleged as null and void, and all other judicial process under Church law." The Diocesan Administration Board is composed mainly of priests (and a few laymen) "versed in business, banking and law." Diocesan Building Commissions likewise are predominantly clerical, with worker-priests "experienced in matters pertaining to building" and the ability to read plans and blueprints.

To this already imposing list of worker-priests we can add the full-time editor-priest of the diocesan paper, the public relations-priest who "prepares, compiles and writes all material to be released to the press, radio or television," the director of cemeteries-priest, a dozen or more Boy Scout coordinator-priests, social worker-priests and the like.

These men spend five or more days a week as business administrators, financiers, file clerks, tax collectors, secretaries, writers, judges, etc., and then moonlight as priests. Many of them generously spend their weekends and spare time help-

Archdioceses and Dioceses Leading in the Worker-Priest Movement. Percentages include only the full-time teacher-priests in the diocese as compared to all other priests in that diocese; no account is included here of the worker-priests in chanceries.

Diocese	% of Teacher-priests
Portland, Oregon	61%
Erie, Penna.	43%
Buffalo, N.Y.	43%
Cincinnati	41%
Fort Wayne-South Bend	40%
Green Bay, Wisc.	39%
Bridgeport, Conn.	38%
Winona, Minn.	37%
Philadelphia	34%
St. Louis	34%
Steubenville, Ohio	32%
Indianapolis	32%
Kansas City-St. Joseph	31%
Tucson	30%
Washington, D.C.	30%
Greensburg, Pa.	30%
Columbus, Ohio	28%
Baltimore	28%
St. Augustine, Fla.	27%
Dubuque, Iowa	27%
Joliet, Ill.	26%
Worcester, Mass.	25%
Camden, N.J.	25%
Chicago	23%
Los Angeles	23%
San Francisco	23%

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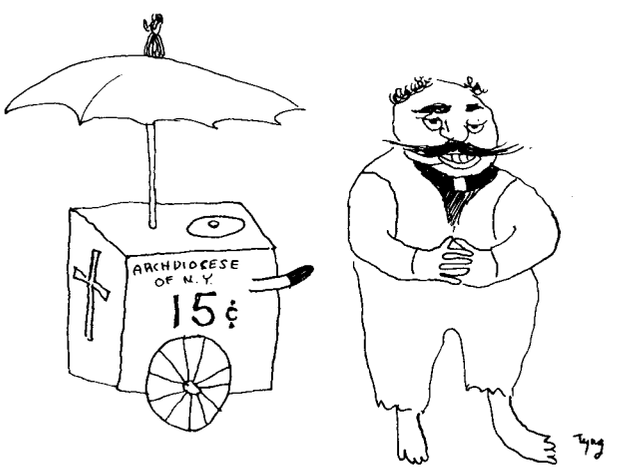
ing out in parishes. Of the 37,000 American diocesan priests, over 5 percent are engaged in this aspect of the worker-priest movement.

But my reader could object that in this regard the American bishops are no more progressive than the French, Dutch or even the Vatican which has an extensive worker-priest movement going among the professional clerics of the Curia. However, there is one situation where the American Bishops have encouraged worker-priests far beyond any pioneering gesture of other hierarchies.

Since the First Provincial Council of Baltimore, the American hierarchy has provided a unique and fertile field for experimentation with worker-priests. Every American diocese has a man appointed "to direct, control and integrate the various grade and high schools of the Diocese." In the New York Archdiocese, Monsignor Connors is in charge of 432 schools, 210,000 students and 9,000 full-time teachers spread over 10 counties. Certainly, this is a full time administrative job, not at all different from that filled by Bernard Donovan, superintendent of the New York City public schools.

The real unsung glories of the worker-priest movement in this country are the 12,000 men engaged in full-time teaching. These men, unjustly lumped by the Kenedy Directory with priests engaged in full-time parochial or priestly ministry, embrace fully 20 percent of all American priests, diocesan and religious. These men spend five days a week teaching such subjects as auto mechanics, physical education, biology, mathematics, history, English and the like. On the college level, they share with their students engrossing insights into business administration, accounting, political science, the fine arts and the natural sciences.

The teacher-priest is engaged full-time in his secular profession. Though he may be "in residence" at some rectory, his after-school hours and weekends are often spent correcting papers, making out reports and preparing classes. Even so, many teacher-priests manage to moonlight, helping out with Sunday and weekday Masses, confessions and a little counseling.



In the past we have modestly viewed these men as priests who for the sake of the Church's mission are incidentally involved in what might be considered secular work on a part-time basis. This is neither accurate nor just. It is about time we frankly admit that the American bishops have, for over two-hundred years, supported celibate men in a single-minded, praiseworthy dedication to secular occupations. Prophetically and with great daring the U.S. Bishops have allowed these men to act as part-time priests.

Where the French Bishops have asked their parish priests to leave the rectory and enter the secular world, to take jobs that will increase their contact with people, the American Bishops have taken men in secular professions and asked them to help out in the pastoral ministry as part-time priests.

This may seem tit for tat: the French starting at one end and the Americans at the other. So far in America, however, the *pastoral* effect of the worker-priest has been minimal because these men have never really entered the secular world. They were trained and now work at their secular professions within the narrow ivory tower confines of the clerical ghetto.

Monsignor Arthur Thomas of the Washington Chancery touched on this pastoral limitation of worker-priests in the U.S. when he stated that without the Roman collar he would in two short weeks "be just like any other guy." To the contrary, our American worker-priests are wearing the wrong clothes. Unlike the French priest-worker who has put aside the Roman collar and adopted secular dress, American worker-priests have tried to camouflage their secular professions with religious garb. Instead of being proud of their participation in the world, our worker-priests often seem ashamed of their contribution. Such an attitude destroys the great potential pastoral effect of their efforts.

Granted that American worker-priests could increase the pastoral impact of their vocation a thousand-fold by accepting their status as part-time priests and by wearing cloth appropriate to their secular professions, we must still recognize and salute our radical American Bishops who *for two hundred years* have sponsored an experimental ministry and the worker-priest/priest-worker movement. Why under this circumstance, should our home-grown hierarchy take a back seat to any foreign pomps, especially the French or Dutch?

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THE EVADED QUESTION: SCIENCE AND HUMAN NATURE

Seeking an agreed image of man

ERNEST BECKER

The problem of whether man is basically "good," "evil," or simply "neutral" is central to the Science of Man. And the reason that it is central is simply this: the shape of our science must be largely influenced by the Image of Man at its center. Say that man is good—and you have one kind of social theory; say that he is bad—and you have a philosophy that more or less determines how you will formulate your hypotheses about man and society.

We might imagine that a question so crucial to the cast of a whole science would be one on which there would be some large agreement after some two thousands years of the best human thought. Or, wanting such agreement, we might imagine that there would be heated argument on platforms, in research laboratories, in high schools and colleges—and hopefully, perhaps even in our legislative and governing councils. Or finally, wanting this heated debate, we might imagine that the reason it was lacking was because there was a broad and deep surge of theoretical amalgamation taking place in the councils of scientists of man that theory and research were being weeded and wedded so as to produce an unmistakable, factual image of man, a clear and agreed portrait of basic human nature. We might imagine all these things because not to imagine them would mean that we are not building any agreed science of man, that whatever progress we might be making in theoretical and empirical work, as solid as it might seem, is being constructed on a base of shifting sand. Without an agreed portrait of basic human nature, our best theoretical and empirical work is rootless, anecdotal, disjointed, peripheral. And even worse: it is based on an image of man that is implicit, disguised, ideological. In a word, it is the erection of a scientific edifice on an unexamined central core, a heap of theory and data that reposes on an unexamined belief.

And yet, such is exactly the state of affairs today. It is distressing. Frankly, I don't very well see how the central problem of a science can continue to be shunted to the periphery of the work of the scientists, no matter how preoccupied they may be. The fact is that the science of man *began* with this question, and must one day return to it—or expire because of betrayed hopes. And the hopes can be betrayed as much by well-intentioned irrelevance, as they can by conscious evasion. Indeed, this is just what we are seeing today, as the central question continues to be avoided.

I have lately written quite a bit on the eighteenth century, as the time when the ideal of a science of man began. The refreshing thing about that time was that the thinkers who sketched the ideal were straightforward in their hopes and aims. And they were helped, we know today, by the very fact that there was so little empirical work to cloud their vision: they knew practically nothing so that the argument around basic ideas could be all the more unashamed and unreserved. It was Rousseau, above all, as we know, who argued that man has no basic drives of meanness or aggression; that he is born neutral. And since this was so, a science of man was possible and desirable. Possible, because on the basis of man's neutrality we could educate children to be what we wanted. Desirable, because since children were neutral, and educable, we could finally try to bring about a better world through better education and planning. That was

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in 1792, when he wrote *Emile*. Today we are no clearer on this problem. What happened in the two hundred years since Rousseau made his claim? Specifically, what do the *empirical* data about children show? Was Rousseau right or wrong? Surely after these many generations of conscientious work, we should have some kind of clear answer. And if we have not, there should surely be some reasonable explanation of our difficulties.

The Fate of Rousseau's Intuition

Rousseau's intuition about man's basically neutral nature never achieved an unambiguous ascendancy in the science of man, or any continued ascendancy at all; and for this, there were, I think, four major reasons, which I shall call "Empirical," "Scientific-ideological," "Individual-psychological," and "Scientific-political." Let us examine them in order.

1. *Empirical reasons for the sidetracking of Rousseau's intuition.* Here we invoke the familiar fact of the ascendancy of Darwinism. After Darwin, all empirical work on man was designed to show his kinship with the antecedent animals; man had to be cogitated as an animal, and his uniqueness had to try to be explained on the same material-causal principles that explained the rest of evolution. This meant that the "clues" to man's nature came to be sought among other animals. And this tradition has continued up to today, with undiminished vigor and resoluteness. So much so, that to talk of "basic human nature" without finding clues for that nature in animal behavior is considered somehow unscientific and unempirical. Not that there is anything wrong with gathering clues where they may be found, but the perverse result is that we are still looking principally to the zoologists for our understanding of man. Witness the wide publicity given to Konrad Lorenz's recent work *On Aggression,* and the excitement and hopes with which scientists of man turn to reading it. Witness the expectations for "real" discovery, attendant upon such ideas as "territoriality" among the lower animals, "social space and distancing" and "display" behavior, or upon primate studies in their natural habitat, and so on. Witness, finally, whole books written around these simple themes, which purport to provide the "key" to man's nature, as in the work of Robert Ardrey—puerile books which should meet the skepticism and scorn they deserve, but which instead find interested and credulous readership even among professionals. We will see some more reasons for this credulousness further on; for now, suffice it to remind ourselves that these works are part of the continuing ascendancy of the great Darwinian synthesis, and thus have all the legitimation and compellingness of an established scientific tradition and attitude.

It matters little that the best of these empirical studies end with an admission that they may have much to tell us about animals, but for that very fact they have little to tell us about man. When someone of the roundness and stature of a Lorenz, or a Bertalanffy, tells us that biologists have really little to say about "human" nature, we are inclined to accept this with a gentle disbelief, and consider it a courtesy born of their admirable stature itself. We don't listen to what the men are saying, but rather what they represent.

2. *Scientific-ideological reasons for failing to get clear about man's basic nature.* This second point grows, naturally, from the first. Darwinism unleashed a whole generation of workers who sought to find *the* instincts by which human behavior was governed. If man is an animal, then he must be driven by instincts, *et voilà tout.* We know how instinct theory thrived in the psychology of the early part of this century, and how it gradually died out as a theoretical problem in the 1920's and 1930's. It was only in psychoanalysis that the dogma has been kept alive; and here too, the attacks on and modifications of Freudian libido theory, by psychoanalysts themselves in the past two decades, may mean that it will finally belatedly expire in its last major unexamined stronghold.

Now, as we said, it is logical that an instinctivist view of man should thrive when the dominant scientific ideology is one of Darwinian naturalism. To see man as a creature who harbors basic drives of sexuality and aggression, like all other animals, is a most direct and acceptable explanation of his behavior. But the instructive fact for us here is a most unusual one. Namely, that the instinctivist view of man did not die out because it confronted the Rousseauian view and was discredited in the factual confrontation. This would have been the scientifically desirable case, but it did not occur, and *has still not occurred.* Instinct theory has been discredited by the best authorities and the most sober-minded empirical work, but this discrediting did not result in the validation of a noninstinctivist approach to human nature. The problem of an image of man, instead of being clarified, was merely evaded. And it was evaded for reasons that are best expressed as scientific-ideological.

In a stimulating historical overview of the instinct doctrine in psychology, Krantz and Allen (1967) point out a very striking fact: namely, that when instinct doctrine lapsed in the late 1920's, it was not ousted by "another theory covering a similar domain of behavior," but rather by a "different approach to social psychology." And this different approach was a narrowing of the scope of social psychology, away from general, synthetic questions to more narrow questions of researchable empirical facts. In other words, social psychology limited its scope and abandoned the search for a general explanation of human motives, which is what the instinct doctrine attempted to provide. We might say that social psychology retrenched its positions to what was most manageable according to the scientific ideology of the time, rather

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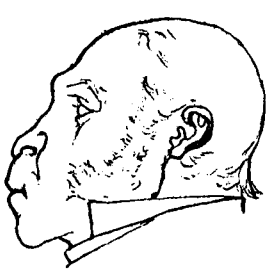
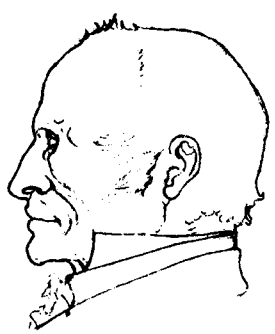
than what was most meaningful for explaining human behavior. A confrontation and clarification with Rousseau's view was again avoided.

3. *Individual-psychological reasons for a shift in emphasis from larger, more central problems to smaller, more segmented ones.* This third point is itself an outgrowth and a complement to the second: the reasons that scientists follow fads in the first place is partly also a function of their own dispositions, preferences, and limitations. When scientists who should be occupied with broad questions choose narrow ones instead, there is some "psychological gain" involved in the process. This is not an easy matter to be clear about; and it is a very delicate one to generalize about; yet, we can say some general things without fear of unfair distortion.

For one thing, when we phrase our theories of human behavior in narrow terms involving few factors, we phrase them so that many people can understand them. This is one of the main reasons for the popularity of the work of Ardrey, William Golding, and plays such as *The Bad Seed*. To explain human motives on a simple basis like heredity or territoriality gives any *Homo sapiens* with a 1200 cc brain the chance to "understand" his world. We find its equivalent in folk characterology, where someone is "tricky as a fox"—and we know what to expect from him his whole life long. It is what I like to call a "fetishization" of the larger problem, for the sake of facile approach and control. This "fetishization" of large, complex issues, by singling out a narrow, simplistic approach to them, by means of which they may be summed up, is a danger to all of science, to all human explanations. One of the reasons that Freudian theory itself has enjoyed such popularity in both popular and professional minds, is that it provides a relatively "cheap and easy" key to the deep dilemmas of what makes people act the way they do. A few instincts like aggression and sexuality; a universal complex; and then a dark and deep unconscious to explain what cannot otherwise simply be explained and anyone is the master of human motives.





How does this apply to the problem of man's basic nature? The examples literally stuff our textbooks and research reports, and carry our theory. Everywhere we see how broad and subtle answers are sacrificed to narrow and facile ones. Take the question of aggression itself. In an earlier paper I tried to show how it was unfairly used as a conceptual scaffolding to hide and distort much larger problems: problems like ego-weakness, the urge to self-esteem, and the opportunities for self-esteem that are made available in any given society. Admittedly, these larger problems are not easy to research or to convey to others. But when we falsify them by fetishizing our research problem, we distort the empirical reality, no matter how "careful and scientific" this distortion may be. When we talk, for example, about basic instincts that are responsible for the hate and war that plague this planet, just how much do we explain a *particular* war? If we talk about "territorial imperatives" and the inviolability of the urge to private property, how well do these concepts serve to scaffold our explanations over why we are in Vietnam? The popular imagination takes refuge in an image of man that shows him to be mean and vicious because such an image easily explains all the world ills at one swoop. If you say that man is a wolf or a fox, then everyone becomes a philosopher about the human condition and can nod his head wisely behind bolted doors. But broad and deep-going explanations of the causes of World War I and II require a broad knowledge of history and social theory. Even more, they require a complete honesty about the political motivations of one's own country. Few people can marshal these things, can talk in terms of military-industrial complexes, of big-statism, the power ideology of nationalism, the identification of the masses with the power of the leader, and so on. Fewer still would want to, which is why we have been able to identify "fetishization" in science as a function of "bourgeois science" in general: it destroys the total picture by narrowing it down, because the total picture would itself contain a blistering critique of some of the basic institutions that sustain the hordes of busy scientists. And today we know that "bourgeois science" not only characterizes most of the work in Western countries, but in Communist ones as well.

Of course, the problem of fetishization in science is part of the problem of fetishization in life as a whole: we all fetishize to a certain extent. Indeed we must, else we could not carry on: our control over the multiform drama of personal, social, political, local and world events is so limited.

But this fetishization takes its toll of scientific understanding, which is why we call the problem we are discussing the "individual-psychological" dimension of distortion of the theory of basic human nature. Most often this is, of course, done unwittingly and innocently: people see what they are capable of seeing, what they want to see. It is a function of automatic and benign habitual repression. But look what it does to theory. We take a simple word like "aggression" and we use it to scaffold a whole field of understanding, simply because it is easy

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for us to do so and because it gives us such comforting command over a world of disparate and puzzling occurrences. When a child breaks a vase, the Freudian sees "aggression." When he fondles his genitals at an age when he has no real consciousness that the lower part of his body belongs to him or has any functions that pertain to him, the Freudian sees "sexuality" and "incest wishes." When someone with a weak and insecure ego blushes constantly in public, the Freudian sees a sign that the person is trying to cover up deep surges of aggression and urges to kill—hence he blushes at this revelation of his own murderousness, etc. The Freudians saw sex and aggression everywhere they looked, and are only lately beginning to come out of it. One wonders what the Victorian Freud had on his mind when he looked at infants: how he could possibly read sexual motivations into their innocent self-fondling and aimless curiosity. I know several nice old ladies who would call Freud "a very nasty man"—and they would be right. Today we know that Freud read into his cases motivations that probably were not there. We know too that children manifest aggressive behavior with the most innocent of motives—like trying to get attention, or trying to keep action moving forward, without any sure formulas for such action. Rousseau saw that a child will break a vase because he is clumsy, *tout court,* and doesn't know how to relate to a vase. One has only to watch children without preconceptions to accept this view of their basic innocence and neutrality; one has only to see in their impulses and struggles the ineptitude that is born of weakness and limitation. This is just the kind of view that is spreading in studies today (cf. Burks and Harrison, 1962), and the facile fetishization of words like "aggression" is being discarded as empirically inadequate and distorting.

The Freudians can and probably will continue to oversimplify the world of human motivations for their patients, but at least scientists of man in the broad sense need not get bogged down in the conned traffic of consultation rooms. What serious student of human nature has not been moved to rage when some overwhelmed and perplexed person undergoing Freudian analysis had to give tearful vent to the suffocating air they were breathing in the closed world of Freudian fantasy? They were given a Freudian vocabulary to apply to their desires and fears, and they literally fetishized their world by thinking in terms of penis envy, the desire to kill the father, castration fears, and whatnot. Of course, the vocabulary "works"—and this is the tragedy. If we accept to think in Freudian terms, we can analyze our lives in those terms —we can *shape ourselves* into those terms. And it "works"—but it also risks driving us crazy, as any extreme and unreal fetishization will. Use a paranoid vocabulary and you become paranoid, as our political leaders are teaching us today. Use a sexual vocabulary and you can live and feel and act out your life on sexual terms, as most of us have done at certain times. The deeper question is, what is the nature of reality and what are our real desires? And this question is harder to answer.

The Freudian who talks crazily about pathological blushing as a reaction to the fear of killing (Feldman, 1962) would have to substitute a phenomenological theory of blushing, such as the great Max Scheler adumbrated. But this kind of understanding requires breadth, learning, and time—and these are not available in the crowded medical curriculum, or in the busy and practical psychiatric residency. To see the world of the child as Rousseau and his followers saw it, and as sensitive researchers are again beginning to see it today, requires a freedom from preconceptions, an innocent passivity on one's own part, a broad learning in the relativity of cultural behavior. It requires, in a word, a general theory of human behavior, not a Freudian one. And this kind of theory is not the one taught in Freudian schools of analysis. (We will touch below on the truly great things that Freudian thought discovered, but these things are not the ones given basic attention in the everyday dogma.) Also indispensable to this general theory is some familiarity with ontology: we could then understand why they will rival with their siblings for attention, why men in general will try to maximize their own importance and their power. And the reason is not that people are born with drives of hate or aggression, but rather that man as an *energy-converting and purposive organism* seeks the maximization of his own being, of his own sense of self. When neutral organisms seek to expand their self-feeling and to extend their control, they must need to do so in some way in competition with or at the obvious expense of their fellows. And this makes them seem "motivated" by antisocial desires. But the ontological ground is neutral, not in itself destructive. This is the important point. Recently Mumford has pointedly summed up the whole of human history: Man is not a tool-user primarily who seeks to manipulate the world, but a self-maximizer who seeks to expand his experience in composite ways. But in order to cogitate about man in these terms, one would need not only Mumford's broadness but one would need to substitute a critique of man's social forms for a discursus on human nature. I mean that if man is a neutral self-maximizer and not a hateful destroyer of his fellow man, it is up to councils of men to modify social customs so as to allow creative expansion of being. And it is in the face of this kind of hurdle that we draw the circle on our discussion: scientific fetishization, as we said, is a reflex of bourgeois science. It is easier to find the evil in man's animal nature than in one's social world—easier both personally and socially. This leads us to our final point.

4. *The scientific-political reason for the failure to confront Rousseau's view of man.* In a sense this is the most complex point of all, and we can do no better than to

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take ourselves back in time to when Rousseau's view was first confronted by his contemporary, the brilliant Helvétius. In his important work *On Man* (1772), Helvétius says the following things in opposition to Rousseau, things which clarify immediately this whole long and complex problem, and allow us to state it in terms most meaningful to present-day debate.

> "Woe to the prince who trusts in the basic goodness of people. Mr. Rousseau believes it, but experience belies it. Whoever consults experience learns that the child drowns flies, beats his dog, suffocates his sparrow, and that, born without innate ideas, the child has all the vices of the adult. By force he appropriates his friend's goodies and jewels; in order to gain a doll he does what in ripe age one does for a title or a throne" (1772, p. 219, my translation).

One curious fact about this denial of Rousseau's views is that Rousseau did not maintain that man is basically good, but rather neutral—a position that Helvétius himself earlier maintains. He sees that man is born a *tabula rasa* as in Locke's view, and that children become by interacting with human objects (p. 217). The burden of Helvétius' discomfort with Rousseau is elsewhere, and it is soon obvious what the real gravamen of his dispute is: he is not so much concerned with the way man *is,* but rather with something more *political,* namely, with the kind of conduct *that would result* if one stressed man's elemental goodness or badness. If we *say* men *are* good, says Helvétius, they will be induced to act bad. Therefore we must be careful about our scientific pronouncements: they translate into political and social acts. This is what really troubled Helvétius, and what is really at the heart of our disagreements in large areas of social theory today.

What Helvétius reveals is that the problem of basic human nature cannot be decided purely on scientific grounds. It is a pragmatic problem as well, since it depends on the kind of world we want to live in and want to or can bring about. The choice of whether man is basically good or bad is itself a *self-fulfilling prophecy*: man can be aggressive when he seeks to maximize his sense of being at the expense of flies, dogs, and sparrows, or at that of weaker playmates in competition for toys. As an adult he can ply these behaviors in more serious matters, at the expense of large groups of his fellow man. On the other hand, if suitable social channels and arrangements are made available, then self-maximization can be accomplished in sport, in competitions in the arts, crafts, and social service. William James knew these things when he called for a peaceful "moral equivalent" of war: men had energy to burn in their urge to self-enhancement. It was up to society to provide lifeways that make this self-enhancement creative rather than socially destructive.

When society does not make such provision, then we can actually say that it is responsible for man's aggressive and destructive outbursts. Where world law and world government do not exist, Olympic games are eclipsed by world wars. Our experience on these matters has been so pointed and bitter, that even my talking in such vague generalities must carry enough conviction to men of good will. Even a "conservative" social theorist like Parsons could pen a trenchant essay on this problem in 1947. Choose that man must be curbed by law, because of his innate destructiveness, bottle him up in ghettos and deny him the opportunity to enhance his sense of self—and he will be curbed by law because of innate destructiveness. Choose that man is potentially good if we adapt our institutions to the expression of free creativity, and we will bring about a better type of person. We have only to recall the rehabilitation programs for children who have been brought up as "bad" in order to see how they can become "good" when the channels for socially-benevolent behavior are provided, and when their own image is changed. In sum, our theory on the nature of man is in large part a self-fulfilling prophecy. Take your pick—utopian or anti-utopian, and your world will be molded accordingly. Rousseau knew this as well as Helvétius, only he had a more trusting view of human nature as well as a more subtle understanding of what was in back of ostensible childhood destructions.

Something Deeper

And yet there is something still deeper behind this difference between the two men, and it is important to dwell on it. As we said, it runs through social theory today. We see it in the juxtaposition of men like Daniel Bell, Edward Shils, Talcott Parsons, and Neil Smelser on one hand, and C. Wright Mills, John R. Seeley, and Edgar Friedenberg, on the other. We see it in the reviews they write of each other's books, we see it in the type of their social thought, and it is unmistakable. It is an opposition which can best be summed up as a case of Hobbes versus Rousseau, as the politics of a particular world view and personal option. On the Hobbesian hand, we have people who stand for *perpetuation.* These are the institutionalists, the men who seek the rule of law, the perpetuation of order, the continuity and durability of the *proven forms* of social arrangements. They believe that the forms of things have to be maintained, even over and against the wishes of segments of people. People, to their mind, are in some ways dangerous, and must be protected against themselves. People need orderly institutions, whether they acknowledge it or not, and when they run afoul of these institutions, it is the people who must bend. Innovation is dangerous, and hard to control; it has unforeseeable effects, and cannot be left to the whims of men. Institutional process is the thing, the best guide for social life: it levels and absorbs, and blunts

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BOOKS
FOR BROTHERHOOD

This list includes books of general interest in the field of intergroup relations chosen from among the many published from August, 1967 through July, 1968. They were selected on the basis of their contribution to the search for community in the pluralistic society, and for their concern with interreligious, interracial, ethnic, economic and political challenges to achieve a healthy public order. The list is the result of unanimous agreement by a representative committee on their recommendations of the best in the field for children, young people, and adults.

BERNHARD E. OLSON, Supervisor
Paula K. Lazrus Library
of Intergroup Relations

This selection from the complete list
is presented by the publishers named below

ADULT LIST

The Algiers Motel Incident, by John Hersey. Knopf. $5.95.

One of our finest journalists and novelists delves into the killing of three Negro youths by three accused policemen during the Detroit riots, and shows how the Negro receives unequal justice in the streets and in the courts.

Black Power: The Politics of Liberation in America, by Stokely Carmichael and Charles V. Hamilton. Random House. $4.95.

A clear and persuasive explanation of that revolutionary cry—Black Power, meaning by it both black self-determination and black self-identity. The authors explain in political terms how Black Power is to be achieved, a view which should not be ignored in this critical period of race relations.

The Burden of Race: A Documentary History of Negro-White Relations in America, by Gilbert Osofsky. Harper and Row. $7.95.

Proceeding chronologically, the author utilizes little-known primary sources to interpret 350 years of Negro-white relations in this country. As well as providing fascinating reading, these documents chart an authoritative course through an aspect of our history of which few white Americans can be proud.

The Catholic Experience, by Andrew M. Greeley. Doubleday. $4.95.

Father Greeley is angry and opinionated, but these are the angers and opinions of a young, devoted Catholic scholar and thinker who cares very much that American Catholicism should know its own past and use it intelligently to fashion its present. Both Catholics and non-Catholics have much to learn from this book.

Climbing Jacob's Ladder, by Pat Watters and Reese Cleghorn. Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.95.

A survey of the efforts of Southern Negroes to gain the ballot in the 1960's. Points out that the general progress has been all too slow, due to the antagonism of state governments in the South and to the indifference of federal law enforcement agencies. The authors are two knowledgeable and forward-looking Southerners who recommend, for the future, improved leadership and continued dynamic action to bring voting rights to all Negroes.

Death at an Early Age, by Jonathan Kozol. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

A gifted, dedicated teacher writes of a year spent in a predominantly Negro school in Boston, where the children were subjected to fear, humiliation and discrimination, thus killing both mind and spirit. The author attempted to impart learning and pride of being, but was defeated by the unwritten yet clearly defined anti-Negro policies of the local school board. A moving indictment of segregation, Northern style.

Delano: The Story of the California Grape Strike, by John Gregory Dunne. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $4.95.

For three years the Mexican-American farmers of the San Joaquin Valley have been fighting grape growers for the right to form a union. The prejudice and misunderstandings they suffer make the plight of the grape pickers' families a modern **Grapes of Wrath** tragedy. This story recounts one segment of the current labor struggle and the partially successful efforts of its charismatic leader, Cesar Chavez.

The Dialogue of Christians and Jews, by Peter Schneider. Seabury. $1.95, Paperback.

Peter Schneider reflects very honestly an ongoing struggle within the soul of committed Christians. He is trying to be open to the reality and importance of post-biblical Judaism and to have Jews be open to hearing the inner-religious core of Christianity. This book is more important for the questions that it raises and for its mood than for its answers, which may appear to some Jews to be faulty.

For Us, The Living, by Mrs. Medgar Evers, with William Peters. Doubleday. $5.95.

The combination of commitment to a cause and the intimacy of a fine husband-and-wife relationship makes this an above-average biography. In portraying the life and work of the assassinated civil rights leader, Medgar Evers, Mrs. Evers makes one aware of the difficult role Negro women play amid the tensions and fears surrounding those who are combatting entrenched racial injustices.

Issei and Nisei: The Internment Years, by Daisuke Kitagawa. Seabury Press. $5.95.

Mr. Kitagawa, a Japanese-born Protestant minister, recounts with decency and understanding his experiences behind barbed wire in America during World War II when national hysteria imprisoned 110,000 of this country's citizens.

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ADULT LIST

Selected by . . .

JOSEPH E. CUNNEEN, Editor, *Cross Currents.*

ROCHELLE GIRSON, Book Review Editor, *Saturday Review.*

MARY C. HATCH, Head Librarian, Central Circulation, The New York Public Library.

ARTHUR HERTZBERG, Rabbi, Temple Emanuel, Englewood, New Jersey.

ELIZABETH D. NORRIS, Librarian, YWCA, New York City.

DORIS VIACAVA, Librarian, Iona College, New Rochelle, New York.

For the complete Books for Brotherhood list write to
The National Conference of Christians and Jews, 43 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10019

The Negro and the American Labor Movement, edited by Julius Jacobson. Doubleday. $1.75.

This collection of essays brings a much-needed illumination to the subject of organized labor and the civil rights movement. Both historical and contemporary issues are aired by the author-specialists, pointing up the fact that "the union movement in this country has never fully met its responsibility to the Negro people in general, or to the Negro worker in particular."

The New Indians, by Stan Steiner. Harper & Row. $7.95.

"Red Power" has become the cry of a group of young college-educated American Indians. Proud of their tribal background, they want their people to achieve the necessary political and economic power to live as they wish. Steiner explains their attitudes and efforts with unusual understanding.

Prelude to Riot: A View of Urban America From the Bottom, by Paul Jacobs. Random House. $5.95.

Although about one city, Los Angeles, this study of the relationships between government and the minority poor could be about any city in America today. Incisive chapters on the police department, the welfare system, employment agencies, housing, schools, health and medical care reveal why, despite legislative advances, racial violence persists.

The Trumpet of Conscience, by Martin Luther King, Jr. Harper & Row. $3.95.

This short, pithy book of 78 pages contains the essence of the late Martin Luther King's philosophy. He talks of the Vietnam war, black and white relations, nonviolence and peace. The five chapters represent the 7th annual Massey Lectures, which were delivered over the Canadian Broadcasting System in November and December, 1967.

The Underground Church, edited by Malcolm Boyd. Sheed and Ward. $4.95.

Individual voices speak not only about this revolutionary church movement but from within it. Contributors include a Peace Corps worker, a student leader, a nun, and such well-known names as Fathers Daniel Berrigan and James Groppi and Bishop Paul Moore.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Adam Bookout, by Louisa R. Shotwell. Viking. $3.95.

After the death of his parents, Adam makes his way from Oklahoma to Brooklyn to live with cousins. The author understands the problems of young people living in an ethnically urban community, and relates a lively tale of Adam and the friends he makes at P.S. 595. (9-12)

African Beginnings, by Olivia Vlahos. Illustrations by George Ford. Viking Press. $6.95.

A lively and vivid account of the life, cultural heritage and traditions of Africa's many regions and countries, from ancient Egypt to today's disparate nations. A handsome book, with many superb illustrations. (11 and over)

Ann Aurelia and Dorothy, by Natalie Savage Carlson. Illustrations by Dale Payson. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Through a happy accident, a lonely foster child and a Negro classmate become "best friends" in a warm-hearted story of school and family happenings. (9-11)

Call Us Americans, edited by Dorothy A. Chernoff. Doubleday. $3.95.

Stories from such authors as Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, Mackinlay Kantor, Willa Cather, delineating the humor, joys, works, customs, family relationships, courage and patriotism of a wide variety of immigrant groups. (young people)

Carol Blue Wing, by Lyla Hoffine. McKay. $4.50.

A warm novel of an Indian girl who spends the summer before her senior college year with her parents on the reservation. Becoming aware of the plight of less fortunate young Indians today, she faces the challenges of returning to teach in her own community. (11-13)

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CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Selected by . . .

AUGUSTA BAKER, Coordinator of Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

JOSETTE FRANK, Director for Children's Books and Mass Media, Child Study Association of America.

NORA KRAMER, Consultant on Books for Children and Young People; Director, the Bookplan.

HELEN PRANGE, Director of Children's Services, Ferguson Library, Stamford, Conn.

ETHNA SHEEHAN, Instructor in Literature for Children and Young People, St. John's University.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

The Color of Man, by Robert Cohen. Illustrations by Ken Heyman. Random House. $3.95.

In superb photographs and clear text this handsome book presents the scientific reasons for differences in skin-color—a strong blow to the presuppositions of racism. (all ages)

The Contender, by Robert Lipsyte. Harper and Row. $3.50.

On the streets of Harlem, a Negro high school dropout is beset with drug-addicted friends and bullying neighbors. Through training for the prize ring, where he is unsuccessful, he finds his own way to a more rewarding life. (11-14)

Dead End School, by Robert Coles. Little, Brown. $3.95.

A group of concerned mothers block the transfer of their children from a decrepit, overcrowded school to an equally inferior one in the same neighborhood, and manage to have them bussed across town to a good school where they are welcome. A taut story, based on an actual experience, that outlines clearly the tragedy of children who are **not** helped. (9-11)

The Endless Steppe: Growing Up in Siberia, by Esther Hautzig. Crowell. $4.50.

This is the story of the five years when Esther Hautzig, then ten, and her family were exiled by the Russians to Siberia. Beginning with the first terrible journey by cattle car, the story tells of the privation, the courage to find humor, the comfort of great books, and the strength to meet the day when her father is taken away to a labor camp. (10-15)

Father and Son for Freedom, by Marianna Norris. Dodd, Mead. $3.75.

The true story of Puerto Rico's Luis Muñoz Rivera Marin and Luis Muñoz Marin, telling how the father fought to gain autonomy from Spain and the son to build a partnership with the Mainland. (12 and up)

Friends and Enemies, by Naomi Mitchison. John Day. $3.95.

After the arrest of his brother by the police in South Africa, Petrus was sent by his mother to live with relatives in Bechuanaland. Here, he found life very different from his home in South Africa. The people were poor but free, and Petrus soon learned to understand and enjoy the ways of the tribe and the meaning of freedom. (9-12)

Gabriella and Selena, by Peter Desbarats. Illustrated by Nancy Grossman. Harcourt, Brace & World. $2.95.

A comedy of errors ensues when two little girls—one white, one Negro—exchange names and homes. (7-9)

Half-Breed, by Evelyn S. Lampman. Doubleday. $3.95.

A half-Indian boy attempts to understand the ways of the whites and their relationships to the part-Indian families in a mid-19th century pioneer Oregon community. (10-13)

I Am the Darker Brother, edited by Arnold Adoff. Macmillan. $4.95.

Charlemae Rollins introduces this excellent anthology of modern verse by Negro poets. The collection is divided into six parts. Each poem expresses the feelings of the American Negro, sometimes sad, and often protesting his lot. The editor has included biographical sketches and notes explaining the verses. (young adult)

John LaFarge: Gentle Jesuit, by Flora Strousse. Kenedy. $2.50.

Love of God and love and concern for his fellowmen impelled this scion of a distinguished Roman Catholic American family to serve the educationally and economically deprived and to use his pen for justice for all men—particularly those of the Negro race. (10-14)

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WHAT IS THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS?

NCCJ is a civic organization engaged in a nation-wide program of intergroup education. It enlists Protestants, Catholics and Jews who without compromise of conscience or of their distinctive and important religious differences work together to build better relationships among men of all religions, races and nationalities. Its operation is civic and social although, obviously, the roots of the brotherhood which it seeks to build are in the moral law and in religious faith.

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Canadian Council of Christians and Jews
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CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

Kim Walk-In-My-Shoes, by Olive Price. Coward-McCann. $3.29.

An unusual story of a colony of orphans in wartime Korea and the friendship between one of them and an American doctor. (8-12)

The Land, Wildlife, and Peoples of the Bible, by Peter Farb. Illustrated by Harry McNaught. Harper. $3.95.

Biblical events, terms, phrases and customs related in any way to natural phenomena are discussed and interpreted with narrative skill, and genuine love for the Old and New Testaments and their geographical setting. (11-16)

The Little Fishes, by Erik Christian Haugaard. Illustrated by Milton Johnson. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

In war-torn Italy a homeless, orphaned boy lives by his wits—stealing, lying, hiding—but also growing in understanding as he overcomes hate and finds love and compassion. (11-13)

Marching Toward Freedom. The Negro in the Civil War 1861-1865, by James M. McPherson. Knopf. $3.95.

A factual account of the Negroes' role in aiding the Union Army, serving first in menial capacities and later as teachers, nurses, spies and soldiers. Illustrated with contemporary prints and photographs. (11 and up)

Miguel's Mountain, by Bill Binzen. Coward-McCann. $3.29.

A letter from Miguel to the mayor saves the Tompkins Square "free form dirt pile." Many photographs and a brief text. (6-8)

The Mind and Heart of Frederick Douglass, adapted by Barbara Ritchie. Crowell. $6.95.

These excerpts from speeches of the famous Negro orator, leader, and advisor to President Lincoln, provide insight into the problems faced by Negroes before and after the Civil War as well as the ideas of a great American. (12 and up)

Nice Guy, Go Home, by Robert G. Weaver. Harper and Row. $3.95.

An Amish boy, used to peaceful ways, rejects the savagely competitive trickery of the semi-professional baseball games in which he pitches, and the white brutality of the civil rights conflict in which he is caught because of his long hair. (11-14)

The Other Side of the Fence, by Molly Cone, Houghton Mifflin $3.25.

Joey's confusion turns into anger when Mr. Swanson tries to humiliate the new Negro neighbors—and thus the boy sparks a change in seemingly unchangeable Pearl Street. (8-10)

The Picture Life of Martin Luther King, Jr., by Margaret B. Young. Watts. $2.65.

One of a new series of biographies written by Mrs. Whitney Young for the primary grades. Another is **The Picture Life of Ralph J. Bunche.** Illustrated with photographs. (7-9)

Sam, by Ann Herbert Scott. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

A universal situation comes beautifully to life in the story of a small Negro boy whose contrite family comes together to comfort their youngest after each has sent him away to play. (4-7)

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A Special Bravery, by Johanna Johnston. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

A crisply-worded, dramatic presentation of familiar and unfamiliar Negro heroes. Included are vignettes of Crispus Attucks, James Forten, Robert Smalls, Benjamin Banneker, Matthew Henson, as well as many well-known leaders. (7-10)

Tear Down the Walls: A History of the American Civil Rights Movement, by Dorothy Sterling. Illustrations with photographs. Doubleday. $4.95.

The stirring, often moving record of the Negro struggle since Reconstruction for a rightful place in American life, the men and women who have aided his fight, the achievements and the long road ahead. (12 and over)

Timothy's Flower, by Jean Van Leeuwen. Random House. $3.50.

A little Negro boy helps start a garden in the brick and concrete desert of his city block. (6-8)

A Wonderful, Terrible Time, by Mary Stolz. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Little girls will enjoy this story of Mady and Sue Ellen who live across the hall from each other. When they are invited to go to a summer camp, it is shy Mady who loves the outdoors, but to Sue Ellen camping is an ordeal and she cannot wait to return to New York. (8-12)

Young Jim, The Early Years of James Weldon Johnson, by Ellen Tarry. Dodd, Mead. $3.75.

A very full biography of the youth and young manhood of this greatly-gifted black man, who achieved eminence as writer, poet, teacher, lawyer and musician. But his greatest service to his people comes through in his administration of the NAACP. (11-15)

potential destruction. Utopias are unreal as well as dangerous, impractical as well as upsetting. So deep is this option on the part of some of these men that, like Smelser, they would trust in the institutions and work against abrupt changes, even in a post-atomic-holocaust world. It seems that even total failure is acceptable, so long as it is organized by the majority of men, against the unreal and untried visions of the few.

On the other or Rousseauian hand, we have the *charismatics,* who are opposed to the institutional perpetuators. These men believe that hope lies in the new, in innovations. They believe that the center of truthfulness lies in individual subjectivities rather than in the objective network of institutions. They see quality in the new and untried, more than in the habitual. They trust individuals, favor the experimentation by minorities, are willing to risk unorganized success. They believe that the few may be able to save the many, even from themselves. In sameness and continuity they see and feel the forebodings of real disaster; in innovation they sense rebirth and the promise of victory. Where their opponents might invoke the Koran and the Talmud, the rule of law over the passions of men, they might invoke Christ and the new birth, the innocence and saving grace of the untried.

***We are still looking principally to the zoologists for our understanding of man. Witness the excitement and hopes with which scientists of man turn to Konrad Lorenz's* On Aggression.**

The juxtaposition of these two viewpoints may be trite, but it represents a dichotomy which is very real and deep-going. And it invites judgment. Who is right? Obviously the answer can exclude neither side. The perpetuators are right: society needs institutions, and the main task of man is to stand fast, to carry on. Nature herself perpetuates; it is the only sure thing that we know. For some reason life must hang on; the generations endure. But the perpetuators are wrong to imagine that institutions cannot be their own undoing; they forget that outmoded lifeways can be more dangerous than wishful innovation. History is strewn with examples of the failure of whole civilizations because of incrusted habitual ways. If nature endures, she endures in order to change. Innovation is a fact of the natural world; the generations last in order to give birth to new generations, to unknown energies. The institutionalists want only to "last out"; the charismatics want to "foresee in order to forestall." The hope of the science of man, especially in the

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work of its great forebears, Saint-Simon, Comte, Durkheim, was that some compromise could be made between the two sides, that they could be harmoniously blended. In other words, if the science of man itself has any meaning, it exists in order to have some influence on institutional change.

Here is the crux of the matter: the science of man is an active, innovative, interventionist science. It is founded on the belief that man must continually modify cherished lifeways to accord with future goals and continuing historical changes. If this science is to be a central fact of modern life, then the balance must swing to the innovators. If this science is to be peripheral and impotent, then, of course, all we can do is to "endure" and preserve our institutions as best we can. Ultimately, only a philosophy of history can tell us who is right, since it would tell us the meaning of the whole historical process. But scientists themselves, who live off a tradition and way of life, cannot wait for such a philosophy to guide their efforts. Neither can their aim be to stand fast. The great contradiction at the heart of the institutionalist position is that they want their scientific cake and the sameness of their institutions too. And it is this timidity and self-negating compromise which makes them seem increasingly pathetic, amoral, and villainous to the young social scientists.

And so we can conclude this part of our discussion, the *scientific-political* obstructions to an agreed image of man. We can see that agreement over such an image implies a plan of action, a type of investment in the external world: either a commitment to act innovatively, or not to act. Rousseau has been shunted aside here, simply because the Hobbesians have been firmly entrenched in power in the social sciences since the very beginning of the formation of their disciplines in the latter part of the nineteenth century, and the early part of the twentieth. Thus, for them, it has not been a question of who is right, but of who has the power to impose a particular image on a science. Undoubtedly part of their fear of the charismatics is hardly personally disinterested; the charismatics threaten not only general social order for the masses, but the accustomed disposal of power and privilege in the realm of science itself. To be against charisma in science is at the same time to be for the continued institutionalization of one's own control over the conduct, finances, and perquisites of the whole of social science. Imagine filling department chairmanships with students of C. Wright Mills, rather than of Lazarsfeld! It sends a shudder through the whole edifice of contemporary social science.

We began our discussion by showing the major empirical reason for the sidestepping of Rousseau's intuition, namely, the solidity and ascendancy of Darwinian naturalism. Any argument that seeks to place an agreed image of man in the center of science must deal with this naturalistic, empirical tradition. But having come this far, we can see that the question has to be rephrased: *not,* what are the empirical objections to Rousseau (since we see that there are none that carry irrefragable weight), but rather, the question now becomes: what are the empirical data that might support Rousseau's intuition, if we place aside the relative problems of individual psychology and ideology in science?

Given the tradition of scientific naturalism to which we must cling, there are some basic conditions which our empirical support of Rousseau must fulfill. The primary one is that basic human nature must be explained on the grounds of man's place in the animal kingdom; but this explanation cannot reduce man to specific and simple animal drives. The reason, we have seen, is that man does not have absolute drives that work against the hope of peaceful, harmonious society. Even those drives that man has in a higher degree than the other animals—such as year-round sexual hormonal tonus—are highly modifiable. As for drives like hunger, sleep, comfort, and so on, which are normally considered irreducible instincts, we omit them from our purview here for the simple reason that they do not make for disharmony in social life except under unusual crisis conditions. We have not been able to discover that man has specific antisocial drives that are modifiable only with difficulty and with a residue of bitterness and personal deprivation, as Freud thought. Yet, we must keep our accent on man as an energy-converting organism who follows general laws of organismic behavior, and who comes to direct this behavior—albeit clumsily—by means of symbols.

Another way of putting this is that we must show how man's inhumanity to man can take place on the basis of a fundamental *organismic neutrality* of basic striving—we must explain human evil nonspecifically just as we explain the predatory behavior of animals specifically. While this task seems formidable to the biologists and those who take their cues from them, it is really very simple and straightforward to the social scientist who bases his theory on what is durable in the traditions of Marx and Freud.

I have spent considerable space on this problem in other writings, and there is hardly any point in repeating in these notes what I have covered at length elsewhere. Also, let us remember some of the points we made above on the ineptitude of the child's behavior and especially on the ontological dimension of human striving: all organisms seek the maximization of being in relation to the full field of objects. Dante had some beautiful lines to say about this, as did Goethe: the striving organism revels in the consciousness of its free power and in its overcoming of obstacles. But it is only when we turn to what is durable in Freud that we can understand how this translates into the peculiar problem of human evil. In all my quarrels with the remnants of instinct theory in Freud,

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I am perhaps guilty of carping about his genius, of not giving his stature its due. Partly this has been unavoidable, since there is much in Freud that is sheer nonsense. Partly it is ludicrous to try to shackle a man of his greatness to points of specific fallibility, when his contribution has been so world-historically important. If I have been guilty of such ludicrousness let me apologize for it now by trying to show what exactly seems durable in Freud.

Two major things, I think. The first is the idea of the Oedipus complex; not perhaps in the sense in which he intended it, but rather as it has been distilled from the whole corpus of psychoanalytic literature in all the various schools. The Oedipus complex really shows one fundamental thing, and it is a general thing, not the specific thing that Freud wanted to show. Oedipus means simply that all members of *Homo sapiens* undergo a childhood training in which is implanted an automatic style of behavior guided by symbols—an uncritical world view inculcated by the parent trainers of the young.

The second, and related thing, is that since this world view is uncritical, it is unreflective: we do not *know* why we have the sense of right and wrong that we have—we act on it, feel it, live it, and believe it. We are the prisoners of our early-implanted sense of conscience. And this is what we mean by the Unconscious. The Unconscious is not a reservoir of animal drives; rather, it is the unexamined residue of our early training and feeling about ourselves and the world. Since the Unconscious represents our basic organismic conditioning about the kind of world we are comfortable in, the kind that is "right and true" for us, we must understand that it comprises the gross and deep-going *motives* of our behavior—motives which are not amenable to reflective, symbolic scrutiny. Since our Unconscious is our basic emotional identification with the kinds of feelings and acts which make us comfortable, we can say that it contains the motives that *determine* our behavior, whether we consciously will it or not. It was thus easy for Freud to be overly specific about the Unconscious to see it as a reservoir of hopelessly antisocial motives, motives that predate the human condition itself. But this link into the recesses of evolution is an unnecessary and false theoretical closure. Whatever else the Unconscious may be, biologically or even ontologically, the social scientist must understand it as the *social* artifact which it largely is. Whatever may be happening in the physiochemistry of the cells, or whatever may be linking the cells with another dimension from which they sprang, these facts do not change the primary area of human concern: the formation of the Unconscious in the early *human* training of the organism.

To be against charisma in science is to be for the continued institutionalization of one's own control over the conduct, finances and prerequisites of social science.

One related and crucial aspect of this early training is that by means of it, the individual earns his sense of self and his right to live and act in society. In other words, each individual earns his right to exist as a social-cultural animal from others of his kind—others who are for many years in a position of superior power to himself, and who usher him into a super-ordinate symbolic action world. The effects of this cannot be underestimated, as the great Alfred Adler especially taught us. It means that the Unconscious represents our basic rooting in *a source of power* which gives our very life its mandate. This power comes from outside us; it sustains us, justifies us, dwarfs us in some or many ways. Finally, its superordinacy over us is not amenable to symbolic scrutiny: even worse, the words that we learn from others are largely a disguise and a justification of our basic power allegiance. And so we can well understand why Freud gave the Unconscious such a prominent place in his theory, and why he thought of most people as "trash": they are simple reflexes of their early anxieties, who learn to ply their secondhand motives with a pathetic righteousness—as though they were standing on their own, and knew the way things are.

We must emphasize, too, how deep-going this process is: it helps us to understand the difficulty of real growth and the anguish of conversion to a new world view. The fundamental fact about each human being is that his early growth is in large part a denial and masking of his anxiety, his powerlessness, his felt finitude. If we shouted this knowledge from the rooftops and over loudspeakers, we could still not stress it enough. How well the great Kierkegaard understood this long ago. And how well, too, he understood that one cannot really grow in later life unless one throws off this mask, this denial, and comes face to face with his utter helplessness and impotence toward natural forces. But to admit this is not merely a verbal matter: it means throwing aside everything that the wide-eyed child has painfully and gradually built up over the years: the armor of self-assurance borrowed from people and powers around him that makes his life livable in a somewhat carefree way. This is why organisms can't really change fundamentally unless they break down emotionally, and experience the bankruptcy of their borrowed powers. *The whole cast of one's muscles and nerves is shaped as a denial of his real insignificance.* And this organismic denial is what must be broken down in order for real growth to take place. In this basic sense, then, we must insist that the whole social formation

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of man's physical organism, and the veneer of symbols which cloaks its striving, is a *vital lie*. In order for the person to get back to his place on the cutting edge of evolution he must expose this lie by admitting the primal physical fear and trembling that it covers. False courage would then vanish, and the individual would begin to see things as they really are in relation to himself, and not as he has imagined them for his automatic comfort. He might be disillusioned, ejected from his stage-prop paradise, but at least he would be "his own" person and no longer a puppet jerked about by alien powers.

Elsewhere I wrote that motives are words, that words guide and shape our conduct. I wrote this to promote the symbolic-interactionist view of man, which stressed the hope that reason and light can be the guiding forces over human conduct. Freud meant the same thing when he said that the voice of the Ego, while soft, continues until it is heard. But the fact is, as Freud knew, that most of the time and for most people, this voice is not heard. This means that motives remain unknown and disguised by words. It means that only *ideally* are motives words: ideally one would hope to place his primary reliance on the free flow of symbols that would guide his choices, and allow him to weigh them before acting. But this is ideal. Actually, man acts, and then masks his action in the automatic justification of words. He manufactures a seemly vocabulary to justify what he *must* do. The organismic cast and thrust has been molded by anxieties and identifications which continually interfere with the free flow of thought and perception. This explains the perplexing fact of why most people talk past each other when they seek to convince one another. Words will not shake their basic power allegiances, when these allegiances are to different sources of power, to different feelings about how the world ought to be, about who is really right and in control, about the kind of people who will win and ought to win.

And so we have complex human organisms that strive to maximize their being, and who do so by uncritical allegiances to different sources of sustaining power. Small wonder that the world is in a whirl, that man is a "wolf unto man." It was Konrad Lorenz who somewhere pointed out how fallacious this analogy with the wolves is: among wolves there is an automatic instinctual mechanism that prevents them from killing each other off. The wolf who is losing a fight merely tends his jugular vein to the stronger one, and this automatically renders the stronger one impotent to press to the kill. No such instincts among man, hence the bloodshed—a bloodshed by self-maximizing organisms who are rooted emotionally in very personal mandates for their existence. Since no two people are rooted in exactly the same murky complex of self-sustenance, each is on his own, and blood relationship itself is as airy as a symbol to prevent mutual slaughter. Brother feeds on brother.

Of course, man's "primate nature" has something to do with this subservience to a stronger outside source of power: it looks much akin to the dominance-hierarchies of baboons and the great apes. But this does not explain it: we see it too among dogs and other mammals. It seems to be a characteristic of all organisms who are immersed in a transcendent nature, and must draw their limited powers in a feeble dependence on an encompassing world. In other words, it is general, neutral, and nonspecific. To say too, that like other primates man has a sense of territory and will fight to the death to protect his brood, is again to say very little about the general range of his aggressive behavior. How many specific individuals do we know in the course of our own lives who have died defending their home plot of land? Even in history it is a rare enough event to move us—as at Thermopylae and in aboriginal North America. To say that we are deeply moved over this because we share the nature of primates is at best anecdotal: it covers a small segment of the rivers of human blood that man has shed.

Human evil, we may finally conclude, is self-created, not animal-inspired. It springs from the ground of restless striving that characterizes all organisms. The uniqueness of man is that, with reason and thought, he might have a different destiny if he could but see through his *Oedipus* or early training, and come to identify the unconscious rooting of his own sense of self. This is what Freud taught us, and this is precisely where he and Rousseau meet. "Basic Human Nature" is a blank slate, an ideal of self-fashioning and self-development, an ideal offered peculiarly and uniquely to man. An ideal of individual life, as Freud saw; and an ideal of social theory, as Rousseau wanted. Whether man has the wisdom and the luck on this earthly career to be able to reach for such an ideal, is something which will probably be decided in the next few decades. At least, for us—scientists of man—let it be recorded that we knew our subject matter; that we understood the limitations of our powers to fashion an agreed science. Then, if we do meet eventual defeat, it will be in the same mannar as the best of the ancient Greeks: in the dignity of having achieved the best that we could in the face of our ineluctable fate.

We must show how man's inhumanity to man can take place . . . ; we must explain human evil nonspecifically just as we explain the predatory behavior of animals specifically.

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THE STAGE

Back in the days when I used to worry about the nature of tragedy and slip off for an occasional cry at a Margaret Sullavan movie, the reigning bromide was that a work over which one could cry is necessarily inferior. There must be a corollary about laughter. I know that I am more likely to laugh at *Room Service* than at *Uncle Vanya,* but I am convinced that the latter is the better comedy. So much for aesthetics. Now for the admission. I laughed out loud frequently during *A Great Career* and occasionally during *An Evening for Merlin Finch,* the two one-acters by Charles Dizenzo, who uses the title of the second play as an umbrella label for the evening. Since the effects are broad, often outrageously so, and the underlay of societal comment is fairly commonplace, it is not the judgmental system outlined above that makes me suspect that the plays are not very serious comedies. In so characterizing them, I intend no condemnation. I welcome the chance to laugh easily in the theater.

A Great Career is an office play built on the assumption that office life is impossible, but that for all the boredom, the meaninglessness of the work, the petty quarrels among the employees, the office is as much womb as tomb, a secular sanctuary, the "home away from home" that the heroine snarlingly calls it as the play opens. It is about a girl who holds some unspecified clerical job (there is a report to prepare), who, having finally had it, explodes, gets herself fired and, realizing that there is no place to go that is not just the same, begs to be taken back. I realize that as I describe it it sounds more painful than funny, and Dizenzo obviously would like to hang on to that side of his story, for the play ends with the girl crawling around the stage picking up the papers she scattered in her defiant scene, as a fellow employee tells her about the new bookkeeper who tried to commit suicide in the men's room and ended not in death but embarrassment.

Yet it is funny. Mary Louise Wilson, in the leading role, vacillates between slumping in her chair like an over-age, over-sized Frankie Addams and prowling the stage with the stride of a girls' hockey star. She mugs unblushingly, letting a grimace of despair glaze over, turn itself into a fake smile of congeniality. She does not go for subtle effects, and if she did she would be swallowed in a play in which the rebellious character she plays is contrasted to caricatures of conforming: the effeminate typist, grown gray as he waits for the girl of his dreams, who has taught himself to love the work he hates; the deaf old secretary who finds comfort in her appearance (she wears an unbelievable flowered print) and her brooch collection; a tough old girl who thinks Linda ought to learn "to take it like a man"; a boss who plays at efficiency, but longs for peace in the office. As though these figures were not broad enough in conception, the effect is doubled by using two actors, slipping in and out of drag, to play the four roles. In theory, I agree with Seymour Peck, who, reviewing *Where's Charley?* in the long dead *PM,* said that Mae West was the only female impersonator he could stand. Yet the obviousness of the sex-change device—like the inescapable office jokes (filing work in the waste basket), the farce clichés (the boss is almost de-bagged by the begging girl), the lines that are not overtly funny—is never the damper that I would ordinarily expect it to be. The play succeeds as a whole primarily because George Sherman's direction provides no pauses for contemplation and because the performers are good. I have never seen Miss Wilson nor R.G. Brown before, but I assume that their work is the stronger for their having done revues, for the tone of the play is much closer to the revue sketch than to conventional stage comedy; Jerom Dempsey, a *Room Service* veteran, holds his own nicely.

It would be as difficult to say what is wrong with *An Evening for Merlin Finch* as it has been to say what is right with *A Great Career.* Sada Thompson, in the central role, Merlin's mother, gives a sustained comic performance superior to anything in *A Great Career,* yet the play and the production disintegrate, are effective only intermittently. A number of things are operating against *Merlin Finch.* By the second play, the drag gag has become a little tiresome and James Cahill, who plays both Merlin and his grandmother, seems uncomfortable in both roles. The satirical targets—the family, middle-class manners, material and psychological status symbols—are not concentrated as they were in the office play. Occasionally, particularly when Merlin is being teased by his father, the play—through the uncomfortable guests—takes on an incongruous tone of pathetic realism.

The language is the most disruptive element and, ironically, it is here that Dizenzo is trying for his most ambitious effects. He uses ordinary phrases, altering only a word ("What's gone over you?" "We've heard too much about you"), so that a sentence designed for ordinary social usage becomes, in its revised form, a truthful comment on the situation. In the midst of one of the mother's sustained flights of obliquity, a woman behind me said, "Why, it's Jane Ace," and so it was. Dizenzo, who is too young to have heard *The Easy Aces,* cannot know that his experiments have been tried in other times, other labs. In any case, it is not the derivativeness that hurts *Merlin Finch.* Although most of the twisted phrases are assigned to Merlin's mother, all the characters have such lines and, unfortunately, only Miss Thompson delivers them with real authority. As a result, for much of the play, conventional and unconventional lines work against one another, keeping *Merlin Finch* from being either a single-tone piece like *A Great Career* or a successful language game. (*At The Forum*) GERALD WEALES

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ANTICS BEFORE ARTISTRY

MUSIC

The New York City Opera had a bad fall. Both its new productions were rejected. *Faust,* staged by Frank Corsaro, the latest most-talked-about director in opera, was too much even for reviewers who'd seen nothing odd in Corsaro's adding a dwarf to the cast of *Pagliacci.* Hugo Weisgall's *Nine Rivers from Jordan* made audiences that had reveled in *Bomarzo* slink out of its world premiere, hissing like snakes.

This new *Faust* was marked by busy-ness and a mean nose for the vulgar. Nothing in Gounod's spun-sugar score justified Corsaro's turning Faust's study into a dissecting lab, making Mephistopheles a violin-wielding gypsy accompanied by a clutch of whores and sending dear Marguerite straight to the gallows while the Heavenly Choir treacled Salvation. For all his sexy Method-ist realism, Corsaro still made old-timey opera-director goofs: Siebel darted about among bare trees in Marguerite's garden, picking a bouquet of flowers in mid-winter. He was a bit more sharp-eyed in spotting details of characterization, like Mephistopheles' jolly blasphemies. What he spots most, though, is a way to direct your attention to his staging, where fidgeting can pass for acting. I also saw his highly acclaimed *Traviata* at City Opera this fall, and there was Violetta, who had been falling-down drunk for *Sempre libera,* dropping stationery all over the floor during her anguished Act II duet with Germont, then bending over to pick it up, singing of heartbreak all the while. Now what was *that* supposed to show—how her world was falling apart? But Verdi did that. An opera director should reinforce the composer's music, not distract with vulgar frills. Corsaro's busy-ness is like the architectural gingerbread that Victorians added to noble buildings. His dreadful taste also spread to designer Ming Cho Lee, whose *Faust* sets were an unstylish mixture of cute little enclosed constructions and grim post-cyclone rubble.

I could not find relief in the music, for I heard Verdi and Gounod done by second-string casts. The only first-rate performer was Dominic Cossa, who sang Germont and Valentin. Hearing Patricia Brooks, City Opera's first-string Violetta, do Marguerite did not move me to try another *Traviata.* The somewhat undersized chorus and orchestra did sound fine after I filtered out the conducting of permissive Alberto Zedda and slack Samuel Krachmalnik.

As for Weisgall's *Nine Rivers from Jordan,* it was another of the Ford Foundation's efforts on behalf of contemporary opera and a remorselessly atonal one. *Nine Rivers* ranks right down with the Edsel as a Ford investment. Its only virtue was a moot one, consistency. Everything about it was atonal. The conflict in Denis Johnston's phantasmagoric libretto was as unresolved as Weisgall's chords. All action was crushed under a load of symbolism so illogical and so removed from reality that it almost turned Genocide, War Guilt and The Irrelevance of Religion Today into laughing matters. The audience probably would have laughed if Weisgall hadn't called up the horror of war with such grey monotony. (Naturally, war's deplorable yet undeniable excitement was nowhere to be heard.

Johnston's hero was a lance corporal in the British Army in World War II. While stationed in Sinai, he was told by A Pillar of Salt not to carry a weapon. So he didn't carry a weapon. So much for World War II. More events equally pregnant with meaning and barren of sense followed at a frenetic pace until City Opera's valiant little production became a mad blend of ingenuity, desperation and stoic resolve. My favorite blending occurred near the end, when The Nazi whom our hero had captured and released (naturally) seized The Hand Grenade that Eve had plucked from The Tree of Knowledge at The War Crimes Trial on Walpurgisnacht, 1945, and blew himself up: mushroom clouds projected on reddened scrims; Nazi in silhouette scampering offstage. Soon after that, Weisgall stopped throwing up cacophony out of the pit like flak to let our hero sing (speak?)—*deliver* the truism that I fear is Johnston's moral:

"I'm told we're all dirty,
But it seems we're not all damned."

Not all of you, no. Conductor Gustav Meier kept everything together, and I'd never damn singers in a contemporary opera for sounding that way. But Weisgall? Johnston? City Opera director Julius Rudel, who encourages novelties like this and Corsaro's *Faust?* City Opera won't be redeemed until its energy and idealism are matched by artistry and common sense.

The Philharmonic this season has shown how greatly exaggerated are those fashionable rumors about the death of the symphony orchestra. We're told that the whole concert business is dying, too, but in a flu epidemic and with a great increase in concert-giving since the opening of Lincoln Center, who can say what this season's drop in attendance *per concert* means? Frankly, I used to feel that our major orchestras of the East and Midwest could not survive under their music directors. Now, after a rash of most welcome resignations by conductors in Boston, New York and Chicago, I have hopes for more life in live performances.

The Philharmonic would be downright coltish if it were fortunate enough to hire either one of this season's great guest conductors, Colin Davis and Carlo Maria Giulini. What superbly vital and responsive playing they got from this recalcitrant orchestra! The only concert by the departing Leonard Bernstein that I heard this season was a low point by comparison, an unbalanced program er-

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ratically performed. Haydn's Symphony No. 87 was fine and sturdy and Randall Thompson's Second (Randall *Thompson!*) was mindlessly bouncy but Strauss' "Don Quixote," which Bernstein has been conducting for 25 years, was a spiky mass of snapped or entangled melodic lines and overstressed banalities.

What a contrast with Davis and Giulini! Davis matched Bach and Stravinsky with Beethoven or Berlioz and Bartok with Brahms and somehow got the Philharmonic to play with incredible warmth, breadth and control. Everything was beautifully done but I must single out the great impassioned sweep Davis brought to the "Eroica," where his tracing of its powerfully graceful melodic lines made me feel as if I were watching a Michelangelo come to life. And what breath-taking balance and virility Giulini achieved with his crisper, more propulsive style in an all-Mozart evening! Regretfully, I cannot join in the reviewers' consensus that he ruined the G Minor Symphony with his first seven beats; I noticed nothing wrong, distracted as I was by the splendors Giulini achieved with the several thousand others that followed. (Was no one bothered by his truncating the first violin's cadenza in the rondo of Divertimento K. 251?) A genuine annoyance was the soloist in Piano Concerto K. 466, that Italian Horowitz, Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli. He's "legendary," they say. I found his frosty precision merely laughable in the stormy orchestral context Giulini rightly provided for this Beethovenesque work. Michelangeli looked gauntly anguished, though, as he tinkled at his Steinway. He had a black silk handkerchief, too! When he wasn't inspecting the keyboard for dust, he was counting the house with vacant stares. Since Bernstein has conditioned subscribers to consider antics before artistry, he was cheered to the echo. So many changes are needed at Philharmonic Hall. If neither Davis nor Giulini is hired —and, frankly, each has happier assignments elsewhere —their concerts this season should be looked back on as at least a silver age in live performing. HARRIS GREEN

ACTION!

THE SCREEN

Little did I think I could ever become enthusiastic again about one more caper film. I'd had it with this cycle in which picture after picture showed the gang (usually, but not always, inept) who planned to rob a bank or museum or wherever the treasure was; sometimes this plan was visualized before the film showed the actual robbery, after which the gang bickered among themselves; finally the cache of money or treasure blew away or fell in the sea so the movie could end on a crime-does-not-pay note. "They Came To Rob Las Vegas" follows the pattern, but it is done so well that it held my interest right to the standard finale. Strangely enough this movie —which is set in the United States and has some colorful Las Vegas location shots—does not include American in its credit listing as a Spanish-French-German-Italian co-production. It was well directed by Antonio Isasi with a fast pace and has a good international cast.

My only rows with "They Came To Rob" are with its excessive running time (124 minutes) and an almost coy, teasing strain in the screenplay which at times withholds information that would be very helpful in following the machinations. Its plot is more complicated than most caper movies, and every now and then it is almost impossible to figure out what some characters are up to—especially Jack Palance, who works for the Treasury Department or F.B.I. and is posing as an insurance investigator. His role, well played, and the other pieces fit finally but you feel a touch imposed on that you had to work quite so hard.

Wisely the film early-on shows us how Lee J. Cobb's armored vans work and all their safety precautions to prevent robbery. So when Gary Lockwood and his gang succeed in hijacking one of Cobb's vans with a $10 million shipment, we already know what the robbers are stuck with. But when the robbers hide their stolen van in a trench in the desert, Cobb, his gold smuggling associates, agent Palance, *and* the police are completely baffled by the van's mysterious disappearance. Director Isasi builds up the suspense well, not only in the actual robbery scenes and their aftermath, but also in the episodes in which Lockwood, as a Las Vagas casino dealer, carries on an affair with Elke Sommer, as Cobb's secretary and mistress who knows the secret routes the well-loaded vans follow. One main difference between "They Came To Rob" and the long list of fun-and-thrill caper pictures is that this new one, most of which was filmed in Spain, has practically no fun. Its characters are tougher and more ruthless in their shooting scenes; the film never sides with them. And its good guys are few. So if you identify at all, you become Jack Palance.

In "The Stalking Moon" there is only one bad guy, and he's the baddest of bad, the personification of evil. He is an Apache in this 1881 chase western, and he is pursuing a white woman, who has just escaped from him after ten years of captivity, taking their son with her. We don't actually see this cruel, vicious Indian who kills anyone who stands in the way of his retrieving his son until near the end of the film. But we are shown and hear about his victims; and as we travel with the ex-army scout (Gregory Peck) and the woman (Eva Marie Saint) and boy, we feel the Apache's hot breath on our backs.

"The Stalking Moon," produced by Alan J. Pakula, directed by Robert Mulligan, is a strange mixture of adventure, thrill and poetry, and trying like everything

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to be very classy. It has some beautiful western scenery in color; a sparse, simple script; and tight, underplayed performances by Peck and Saint, who remain rather dead-panned throughout the movie, and by the little Indian boy (Noland Clay) who remains completely expressionless even in his big decision whether he wants to join his father or stay with his mother. The only actor who whoops it up is Robert Forster as a half-breed scout who helps the trio when they get to Peck's ranch and succeeds in getting through to the boy. Perhaps he is meant to symbolize the fine kind of man the boy could become if he stayed with mama. The picture is full of symbols and fancy meanings and loop holes. If you see it, you better go to enjoy an exciting chase and not worry about all the hidden meanings.

Almost all the characters in "The Brotherhood" are bad guys or married to bad guys. This movie about the Mafia should be of interest to the Mafia and those concerned with Mafioso. Its story is mainly about one family and the difference in methods between an older brother (Kirk Douglas), who grew up in the Mafia, and the younger brother (Alex Cord), who's a college graduate and prefers the modern syndicate with its investments in "legitimate" businesses. Their wives (Irene Papas for Kirk, Susan Strasberg for Alex) seem like a rather decent sort, but the brothers are crooks and killers no matter how you slice the generation gap. When Alex gets the assignment to kill Kirk because Kirk has killed another member, Kirk hands Alex the gun and the brothers kiss the kiss of death. Bang. And if you think anyone cares, except them and their wives, you're mistaken.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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MALOFF/WRITERS & WRITING

HARLEM ON MY MIND

On August 8, 1968, when the seedy variety show in Miami was grinding toward its depressing conclusion and in Chicago the worst was yet to come, the *New York Times* allowed its readers a brief respite by running a picture-story on the Schomburg Collection of Negro literature and history. The Schomburg Collection, of course (that "of course" is intended, of course, to provoke and incite, since most people are not aware of its existence, including those who have no right to be ignorant), is one of the few major collections of its kind, along with those at Howard University and the Library of Congress; and it is probably the best known, as these things go. Its fame—indeed virtual uniqueness—spared it nothing.

The story was prominently placed—the first page of the second section. The eye is immediately arrested by a striking photograph of some small black kids reaching up to run their fingers over the sculptured face of Ira Aldridge, the distinguished 19th-century Negro actor. Aldridge, in the role of Othello, is weeping over the infamous handkerchief, another of the white man's murderous traps; and the kids (one supposes, possibly mawkishly) are straining to wipe away the tears, which they can't quite reach—or perhaps in astonishment, as if they thought it a miracle that a black man should be commemorated in sculpture. Marble is more durable than paper.

A horror tale unfolds in the accompanying news story, a recital of catastrophes. Singularity, when it appears in Harlem, is no protection: that is what a ghetto is. At a time when the Schomburg, after a long period of somnolence, is being rediscovered by a black community vigorously asserting itself, its history, its cultural past (both real and imagined: it almost doesn't matter which)—at a time when the Schomburg is an essential spiritual, psychic and intellectual resource as never before in its 42-year history, it turns out to be in an appalling state of decay—the oldest, saddest story.

The library's physical space is hopelessly inadequate to the new demands placed upon it. Touring crowds of school children mill through the reading-room, making life less than serene for the scholars who work there; though, viewed from outside, one would sacrifice the latter's peace for the former's pleasure. (When I first came to know the Collection in 1942, as an undergraduate in its curator Lawrence Reddick's City College course in Negro History and Culture—possibly the first and certainly one of the first of such courses in a non-Negro college—one had the place almost entirely to oneself. And even though City College is situated in Harlem, up-park from the Schomburg, it should be noted that Reddick's course was merely an adjunct course in the evening session, not part of the regular curriculum; and there were no students then—white or black—agitating for its inclusion in the curriculum.)

An African art exhibit, the *Times* report related, was improperly displayed, by reason of lack of space, though an authority on African art was cited as judging the objects as fine as anything in the collections of the Smithsonian or the Museum of Natural History. But lack of space is almost the least of the problems.

Documents can't be found, because they're not catalogued; and they're not catalogued because there are neither the staff nor the facilities; and when the documents can be found, they're likely to fall apart in the user's hands. Paintings and sculptures are stacked everywhere, just to get them in out of the rain. Tens of thousands of manuscripts and letters—most of them not even inventoried; a dank, dismal basement full of rotting newspapers, haphazardly

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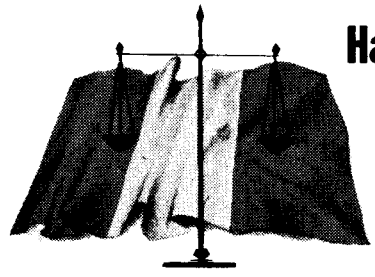
stored; books overflowing their shelves and piled on the floor; a storeroom containing art objects exposed on open shelves to humidity, heat, dust, the odor of decay; personal papers and records disintegrating in uninventoried file cabinets in the archives department —chaos everywhere.

In these circumstances it's perfectly understandable that Countee Cullen's widow should refuse the Schomburg the poet's papers until such time as they can be properly housed; and that the Harmon Foundation, which supported Negro artists, should give its papers to the Smithsonian for the same reason. What is unbearable to learn is that a minor university in Ohio was able to outbid the Schomburg for the papers of Richard Wright.

How can all this have come to pass? There are always "reasons." In 1926, the Carnegie Corporation bought the Collection from the banker Arthur Schomburg (for $10,000); and, when all efforts to find private donors who would endow it had failed, gave it to the New York Public Library, which assigned it three librarians, three clerks, a page—and then forgot all about it. Money could never be found—and money is always the unanswerable argument. "The City," the present curator charges, "has never realized the importance of the Negro collection." The "city" no doubt would tearfully deny the charge: and if one were to insist the money argument is trivial, evasive, and worse, the answer would come back: money can't be argued with. But, in fact, money can be argued with. Mary McCarthy replied to the bureaucrats who argued that it was all very well for an outsider to argue for getting out of Vietnam—but *how* did she propose to do it. She replied—definitively, I think—that method was *their* problem, not hers. "You may scold a carpenter who has made you a bad table," Dr. Johnson once remarked. "It is not your trade to make tables."

Neither the City of New York in its majesty nor the Public Library in its grandeur can find the money to accommodate the Countee Cullen papers; nor can either Chicago or New York or any of their institutions outbid that university in Ohio for the papers of Richard Wright, the direct ancestor of so much contemporary black writing, whose literary career is so closely associated with both those cities. What more natural acquisition for the Newberry Library in Chicago, perhaps in the form of a gift from the Honorable Richard J. Daley, or the *Chicago Tribune*, the World's Greatest Newspaper? Or, one would have thought, some bright young staffer in New York's City Hall with a sharp eye for public relations might have spotted a chance for a coup; or someone at Columbia University, whose public relations in Harlem were never what they might be. Bringing "home" Wright's literary estate after his death in exile—an exile he embarked on, his biographer tells us, because he could no longer stand the cold, flat stares as he walked the streets of Greenwich Village with his white wife —gifting his papers to the Schomburg, the inevitable choice, would have been



Half-hearted justice or vengeance?

THE RESISTANCE VERSUS VICHY

The Purge of Collaborators in Liberated France

PETER NOVICK

Two badly wounded but ferocious nations confronted each other from 1940 to 1944—The France of Vichy and the France of the Resistance. At the Liberation, the *Résistants* were united in a vow to sweep the nation of unworthy leaders, traitors, and collaborators, so that a *"renouvellement"* could take place.

The period is still a very controversial chapter in French history. Peter Novick has examined every aspect of the purge, carefully documenting its underground origins, the conflicts among its leaders, the role Communism played, the power of the *Résistants* press, and the thousands of trials after the Liberation.

The purge did not result in *renouvellement*. Instead it became the symbol of disappointed hopes, a bitter mockery. As told in *The Resistance Versus Vichy*, it is a fascinating chronicle of heroism, betrayal, terror and bitter hatreds.$7.50

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a comely gesture.

It's all very well for me to be making comely gestures with other people's money; but *where* would the money, which is always in short supply have come from? As it is, the Schomburg cannot hope to grow and flourish; it can scarcely even hope to survive; for a library, growth is an essential condition of survival. The small sums being allocated from here and there are a mere pittance, not even stop-gap measures—a familiar form of benevolence in the black ghetto. No one is to blame, of course; that's just the way things are, what with the international monetary crisis and all.

What a magnificent opportunity was missed last summer, and the one before that, and the one before that, when no public or private agency—but preferably public—saw fit to assign truly sufficient funds, perhaps as a way of employing black youths in an enterprise which would at the same time have put money in their pockets and involved them in the beautiful work of redeeming from ruin a small but significant sector of their cultural heritage, and ours. How, given things as they are, can one believe that the decay of the Schomburg Collection is not yet another symbol of cultural vandalism, a form of colonialism—or, to put the best possible face on it, the gross negligence or indifference that looks and feels like one of the guises of white racism?

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BOOKS

No 'half-baked Bacchus' from Saginaw

The Glass House: the Life of Theodore Roethke

ALLEN SEAGER

McGraw-Hill, $7.95

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Having grown up when T. S. Eliot was so unmistakably God and now seeing him treated as a mere mortal in the posthumous evaluations, I am as aware as the next man of the difficulties in evaluating a contemporary poet. It seems that there must be an historical distance before poetry can be put into a serious perspective. Even so I suspect that Theodore Roethke, who died only five years ago, will eventually be counted as one of the most important talents of this generation.

The late Allen Seager's biography of Roethke, *The Glass House,* is neither a probing account of a turbulent and troubled life nor an exercise in literary criticism. It is a straightforward chronicle of the poet's days written by an old friend—but perhaps that is as much as can be hoped for so soon after his death. *The Glass House* is obviously going to be an important source of hard facts and personal recollections for those who ultimately will try to assign Theodore Roethke his proper place in American letters. And, read in conjunction with the *Collected Poems* which Doubleday published in 1966, it conjures up the presence of an authentic, disturbing genius.

For Roethke was, in many ways, quintessentially a modern poet. He suffered throughout his adult years from manic depressive attacks and he was not a stranger to institutions. His uncle committed suicide, his father, whose love he doubted, died of cancer. He was a drinker, a friend of many of the most important writers of his time (he drank with Dylan Thomas: Edmund Wilson once called him a "half-baked Bacchus" as he threw him out of a party; and so on). And he had a profound insight into the power of the irrational in human life and in organic nature itself.

And yet, for all the echoes of Baudelaire, Rimbaud—and Christopher Smart—Roethke was utterly American. He was born in Saginaw and his work is suffused with reminiscences of his father's greenhouse; he taught at many colleges, rode the lecture circuit, and became something of an institution at the University of Washington in Seattle. And his poems are literally alive with images from this country's landscape, as precise as the notation of horticulturists and ornithologists but emotionally explosive, not academic.

It is this last point—Roethke's poetic precision, his discipline—which is, I think, the key to his accomplishment. In these days when the younger poets do not seem to have heard of a wastebasket and any dithyramb of the self is taken as art, it is important to see how Roethke turned his own disturbances into form and thus made it a blazing kind of sanity.

After the early years—and *Commonweal* was among the very first magazines to recognize his worth—when one hears echoes of the poetic fashions of the time (Donne and Auden among them), Roethke found his own voice and central themes in the poems published in *The Lost Son and Other Poems.* His imagination returned to the Saginaw greenhouse and found there images of the dank, ugly and incredible forces which are the fundament of life. It was a sort of Augustinian recognition of how existance begins in the midst of feces and urine, or, to make the intuition modern, a Freudian insight of the terrible power of the Id, beneath the daylight world of the ego. (Roethke himself had experienced this dynamic contradiction, so painfully.) In the "Root Cellar,"

Leaf-mould, manure, lime,

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piled against slippery planks.
Nothing would give up life;
Even the dirt kept breathing
a small breath.

Sometimes, as in the last stanza of "The Shape of the Fire," nature became benign and the light "falls and fills" like an opaque vase

Fills and trembles at the edge
yet does not flow over,
Still holding and feeding the stem
of the contained flower.

And, in a much later poem,

A late rose ravages the casual eye,
A blaze of being on a central stem.

But even though Roethke wrote some beautiful love songs (like Words for the Wind) and nonsense verse, it is the complex vision of the greenhouse poems and the attendant ability to render, and humanize, the details and moods of nature, as symbols of large truths about all of life, which is central to his accomplishment. "What's madness," he once asked, "but nobility of soul/At odds with circumstance?" For most people, Roethke's formula does not apply at all and madness is not the least bit noble or divine. But for him, the lines hold. As a genius he found health in his sickness by means of form.

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REVIEWERS

MICHAEL HARRINGTON *is the author of several books including* Toward A Democratic Left *(Macmillan).*

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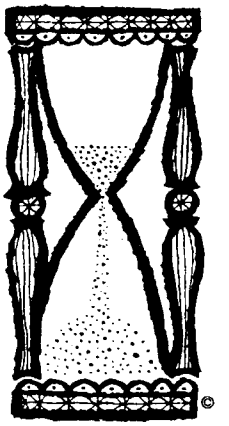
(Continued from page 631)

I.S. 201 in Ocean Hill-Brownsville only one of seven persons arrested lived in the district.

But whatever one's position on community control, a certain respect for facts would seem to be in order. This Mr. Berube [Oct. 25, Dec. 6, 1968] seems to have contented himself with second and third hand accounts from unscrupulous polemicists who take in one another's washing, such as Messrs. Kempton and Breslin and the New York Civil Liberties Union. . . . Following the NYCLU's lead, Mr. Berube asserts that Ocean Hill-Brownsville Unit Administrator Rhody McCoy had sent the Superintendent of Schools a simple request to transfer the teachers without assigning charges. But Dr. John Niemeyer has revealed (*New York Times,* September 14, 1968) that the Board of Education had promised to transfer quietly any teachers unacceptable to the Governing Board. According to the *Times*: *". . . he asserted that the Governing Board was determined to prove it had control of the schools by circumventing normal procedure* and announcing that 19 teachers and supervisors must be reassigned elsewhere. Mr. Niemeyer . . . said the United Federation of Teachers would not have objected to the transfers if they had been made routinely." [My emphasis.]

Another indication that the question was not one of "routine transfers" was Mr. McCoy's statement: "Not one of these teachers will be allowed to teach anywhere in this city. The black community will see to that" (*New York Times,* May 16, 1968). This is what Mr. Berube calls "nothing out of the ordinary." It should also be noted that the Governing Board did not even inform



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the Board of Education or the Superintendent that the teachers were being sent to headquarters "for reassignment," much less ask them to make transfers. And one may add that both State and Federal Courts have held that at the time the Governing Board did all this, it had no legal status at all! . . .

As for Mr. Berube's comparisons between the educational problems of the Negro poor and those of the Irish, Jewish and French-Canadian poor, I'm afraid he just doesn't know the history of this country's educational system. No group that came from a semi-feudal agricultural has ever been adequately educated by our schools. But in the days of massive Irish, Slavic and Italian immigration the failure was masked by the fact that the children of the poor could and did, in the absence of compulsory education and child labor laws, leave school and go to work. Not the school, but their departure from it, was blamed for their functional illiteracy. This is not to say that children of any group are not "educable"—although I assure Mr. Berube that the charge *was* made against many immigrant groups in the past—the disproportionately high Negro contribution to contemporary American culture would be sufficient to show how ridiculous any such assertion about black children would be. (Incidentally, I do not believe that Mr. Berube can give a single instance to support his assertion that Albert Shanker has publicly and privately questioned "the belief that children can learn, white and black, rich and poor." The UFT's fight for More Effective Schools is based on precisely this belief.) This does not mean, however, that a child whose brain is dulled by malnutrition can learn unless he gets the food he needs, or that one who shares a three-room apartment with six others can possibly be expected to do homework there. Nor does it mean that a child whose background includes only the most meager experience with language will find it as easy to learn as will one whose home environment includes varied cultural riches.

Finally, Mr. Berube's gratuitous slurs on the UFT and its supporters, none of which he documents and some of which are demonstrably false, as well as his use of an apocryphal quotation from Albert Shanker for which the doubly-suspect source is a quotation by James Breslin from an anonymous informant, seem to me to debase the level of the controversy just as certainly, if more subtly, than the scurrilities of Ralph Poynter and Jesse Gray.

MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM

Stanford

To the Editors: I want to enter a word of protest against Mr. Maurice Berube's characterization Dec. 6, of Albert Shanker as someone who speaks (Berube quotes this gem from Jimmy Breslin) with but "an accent away from George Wallace." This seems to me a wanton vilification of an honest and decent man. There are no doubt valid criticisms to be made of Shanker and the UFT; Mr. Berube, if he knows what they are, can make them. But to compare Shanker to George Wallace, and to use as his authority for this comparison so cheap a columnist as Breslin, is but "an accent away" from yellow journalism.

IRVING HOWE

REPLY

It was unfair of me to have Jimmy Breslin say what I should have said. For the record: in the early years of Al Shanker's presidency, when I was on the UFT staff, he treated me well. We had differences of opinion on a number of things. Al was paternalistic on race, somewhat hawkish on Vietnam, and virulently anti-communist, but he permitted some measure of dissent on his staff. After the IS 201 boycott in 1966, and the subsequent black drive for community control, his racial paternalism was not so benevolent, a development which made me decide to leave the staff.

For Mr. Goldbloom's information, I recall Al's first publicly dismissing the capacity of poor black children to learn at a speech in the winter of 1967 sponsored by the League for Industrial Democracy. Yeshiva Professor Sol Gordon and a number of black members in the audience took him to task. Moreover, in my conversations with Al Shanker on the subject, he never gave me any reason to believe he thought otherwise.

It is not of paramount significance what I, or other whites, think of Al Shanker's attitudes towards blacks. I suggest Messrs. Goldbloom and Howe stop talking to Bayard Rustin long enough to go into the black ghettos of New York and sound out opinion on Shanker. I venture to say they will find few blacks who feel as they do. Failing that, I recommend they read the respectable, moderate Negro newspaper, the *Amsterdam News* (the largest black weekly in America), which reflects all nuances of black attitudes (including a regular column by Bayard Rustin). They might discover that editorialists on this sober journal have coined a new phrase describing white backlash: "getting shankered."

Mr. Goldbloom is much too quick to brand other's pieces "demonstrably false" without demonstrating anything, and since his own accounts must be heavily annotated to correct inaccuracies and distortions. My colleagues at the Institute, Dr. Marilyn Gittell, and

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Carol Wielk, the staff member of the Niemayer committee, have drafted a letter challenging Goldbloom's *Commentary* piece.

Goldbloom's thesis centers on a *New York Times* story—usually a good second-hand reference—of alleged offers to transfer the teachers. Had Mr. Goldbloom bothered to inquire of Mr. McCoy whether Superintendent Donovan made such an offer, he would have learned no offer was made. Had he read my piece more closely he would have known Mr. McCoy had not as yet requested the transfers. And had Goldbloom inquired of Superintendent Donovan he would have learned that he would have offered to transfer the teachers quietly, a few at a time, *had he been asked.* Instead, Mr. Goldbloom is content to rely for his key facts (and not for description and interpretation) on what a reporter wrote from random remarks by Mr. Niemayer based on what he was told by someone on the Superintendent's staff.

Moreover, I have more than a second-hand acquaintance with the More Effective Schools program, having written most of the articles in the UFT paper on the program, as well as having contributed a piece discussing, in part, MES, to Irving Howe's anthology *The Urban School Crisis.* In-house (Board of Education) evaluations indicated MES would bear many good results (and it may still in a community-controlled setting). Since those pieces, the most thorough and independent study of MES, conducted by the Center for Urban Education, reported that the program had not substantially raised achievement levels.

I also question Mr. Shanker's commitment to MES. After the IS 201 boycott, three staff members—including myself and UFT Vice President John O'Neill and Yeshiva Professor Sol Gordon—voiced our discontent to Al with the course the UFT was pursuing. I suggested emphasizing MES, but Al, whose interest in the program was waning, discounted it. Instead, he approached Michael Harrington to write a piece for the *New York Times Magazine* section on the union's position on community control. Later, he decided to beat the drum for MES, even after the CUE report, which strikes me as merely seeking a line of defense from black criticism.

I have more than second-hand acquaintance with Rhody McCoy and the governing board, having given them assistance as part of my function with the Institute (the recipient of the Ford grant to the demonstration school districts). I can assure Mr. Goldbloom Mr. McCoy is not quite the Rasputin figure he conceives.

I could forgive Mr. Goldbloom his errors—since even the best journalist mislays a fact now and then—were it not that his assumptions on educating ethnic groups needs disputing. It is not only superficial but harmful to assert that our schools have educated certain groups but not others because the former emerged from culturally superior backgrounds (in this case, not being from a "semi-feudal agricultural" milieu). Although we do not have much in the way of documenting how our schools functioned a half century ago, we do have reasonable insights into the intricate social and economic forces fashioning the educational aspirations of various ethnic groups. Jews and Chinese placed greater value on education than did Irish and Italians because of discrimination patterns and not their backgrounds. In short, Irishmen (from the "semi-feudal" land of Saints and Scholars) found it much easier to lift themselves out of poverty through the Church and Tammany Hall, whereas Jews had recourse to schooling and the professions. The fact is, Irishmen and other Catholic groups have done *extremely well in parochial schools,* as Mr. Goldbloom would learn by reading the Greeley-Rossi study of Catholic education, although learning was not especially prized in the home.

No one has gauged the handicap poverty poses to a child's learning capacity, although no educational psychologist denies the crippling effects of extreme poverty. Mr. Goldbloom should invest more time in some essential reading: the classic studies of urban school systems written by my colleague Marilyn Gittell; the Rosenthal-Jacobsen report on teacher expectations influencing pupil performance; and the Coleman study on the relation of student attitudes to achievement. For a former public school teacher who writes with some acumen on labor and foreign affairs, he needs to do his homework on education.

MAURICE R. BERUBE
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